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BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

THE CRUSADES.

AFTER the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus in the year 70 of the Christian era, Palestine continued for upwards of two centuries in the condition of a miserable Roman province, inhabited by a mixed population of pagans, Jews, and Christians. In Jerusalem, temples of Venus and Jupiter were erected on the most sacred spots of Christian history; and heathenism triumphed in the possession of the Holy City of two religions. On the establishment of Christianity in the Roman empire by Constantine in the year 321, this state of things was changed. Palestine and Jerusalem became objects of interest to all Christians, and crowds of pilgrims went to visit the localities celebrated by the Evangelists. Splendid churches were erected on the ruins of the pagan temples, and every spot ascertained by historical evidence, or pointed out by vague tradition, as the scene of any of the memorable events in the life of Christ and his apostles, was marked by a chapel or a house of prayer. Jerusalem and the Holy Land became the resort of numerous bodies of clergy, who, residing in the churches and monasteries which the piety of the wealthy had founded for them, made it their occupation to point out to pilgrims the various localities which they had come to see, and to exhibit holy relics connected with the Saviour's life and sufferings, into the authenticity of which the eager and craving superstition of the pilgrims did not permit them to inquire.

In the end of the fourth century, the gigantic Roman empire,

already near its final dissolution, was broken up into two—the Western Empire, the capital of which was Rome; and the Eastern, the capital of which was Constantinople. It was to the latter of these that Syria and Palestine were attached. Before the end of the fifth century, the Western Empire had been completely destroyed by the irruption of the German races, and the beginnings of a new European civilisation were rising from its ruins. Meanwhile the Eastern, called also the Greek or Byzantine Empire, remained entire. Its dissolution, however, was near at hand. About the year 630, the Arabs, burning with the spirit of conquest infused into them by the religion of Mohammed, poured into its provinces, as the Huns and Vandals had formerly poured into the provinces of its sister empire of the west. Egypt, Syria, and Palestine were detached from the Byzantine empire, and annexed as dependencies to the great Arabic empire of the califs. Thus the religion of Mohammed became dominant in the Holy Land of the Christians, and the temples and chapels of Jerusalem were converted into mosques.

PILGRIMAGES TO THE HOLY LAND—CRUELTIES OF THE TURKS—PETER THE HERMIT.

Scarcely were the foundations of a new civilisation laid in the west of Europe—scarcely had the German races been absorbed into the bosom of the old Roman population—when, under the influence of the Latin Church, then rearing itself above the universal wreck, the spirit of religious pilgrimages began to revive.

Annually, numbers of pilgrims from Italy or the remote west wended their way through Asia Minor, and southwards along the shores of the Levant; or, as was very common, conjoining the spirit of piety with that of commerce, they were carried in trading-vessels along either shore of the Mediterranean, extending a voyage undertaken originally for trading purposes, so as to embrace also the great object of a visit to the Holy Land. The treatment of these pilgrims, as well as of the Christian residents, the relics of the old population of Palestine, by the Mohammedan masters of the soil, varied according to the general aspect of the times, and the disposition of the reigning calif. In return for a certain tribute, the earlier califs permitted the Christians of Jerusalem to have a patriarch and an ecclesiastical establishment according to their own forms. Of all the califs, the celebrated Haroun al Raschid was the most tolerant, and under him the Christians enjoyed perfect peace.

Under the Fatimite califs of Egypt, who conquered Syria about the year 980, a different policy was pursued, and the Christian inhabitants of Palestine, as well as the pilgrims to the Holy Shrine, were treated with the utmost cruelty. The pilgrims were robbed, beaten, and sometimes slain on their journey; the Christian residents *oppressed by heavy* impositions, and their feelings outraged by

insults against their religion, and by the violation of their domestic ties. Rumours of these cruelties of the Fatimite califs towards their Christian subjects and the Latin pilgrims reached the west of Europe, and excited a strong feeling of indignation in the breasts of the pious.

The sufferings of the Christians of Palestine under the Fatimite califs were insignificant compared with those which they endured after the invasion and conquest of Palestine by the Turkish hordes in 1065. But recently converted to Moslemism, and therefore more rude and fanatical than the other Mohammedans, these Turks wreaked their vengeance on all alike—Christians, Jews, and even the native Mohammedans. 'No description,' says the Abbé Vertot, in his *History of the Knights of Malta*, 'can give a conception of all the cruelties which they committed. Numbers of the Christians were butchered; the hospital of St John, founded for the relief of pilgrims, about seventeen years before, by some pious Italian merchants, who had obtained a piece of ground for the purpose, was plundered; and these barbarians would have destroyed the Holy Sepulchre, had not their avarice restrained them. The fear of losing the revenues raised upon the pilgrims of the west preserved the tomb of our Saviour. But, to gratify at once their avarice and their hatred to all who bore the name of Christians, they loaded them with heavier tributes; so that the pilgrims, after having spent all their money in the course of so long a voyage, or having been stripped by robbers, and worn out with hunger and miseries of all sorts, at last, for want of money to discharge such excessive tributes, perished at the gates of Jerusalem, without being able to obtain the consolation of seeing, before they died, the Holy Sepulchre—the only object of their vows, and the end of so tedious a pilgrimage.'

The news of the atrocities perpetrated by the Turks in Jerusalem produced a deep sensation over the whole of Christendom, as well among the Latin Christians—as the Roman Catholic nations of the west of Europe were called—as among the Greek Christians—the name given to the population of what still remained of the old Byzantine empire. The latter, however, were more deeply and immediately interested; for they had reason to dread, from their geographical situation, that if the Turks were not checked, Constantinople, the capital of their own empire, would soon share the same fate as Jerusalem. Accordingly, about the year 1073, the Greek emperor, Manuel VII., sent to supplicate the assistance of the great Pope Gregory VII. against the Turks, accompanying his petition with many expressions of profound respect for His Holiness in particular, and the Latin Church in general. Till now, there had prevailed a spirit of antagonism between the Latin and Greek Churches; the Roman Catholics regarding the Greek Christians as heretics and schismatics; and the latter yielding spiritual obedience to their own patriarch, and refusing to acknowledge the pope of the west as the

universal head of the church. Gregory VII., therefore, eagerly received the application of the Greek emperor for assistance against the Turks, seeing in the career thus opened up for himself and his successors the prospect of a final subjection of the Greek to the Latin Church. He resolved, therefore, to give the enterprise his countenance; nay, to march himself at the head of an army raised to deliver the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Infidels.

Gregory was prevented from ever carrying his designs into execution, and the idea of a crusade died gradually away. Meanwhile the Turks were extending their victories at the expense of the Greek empire. Before the accession of the celebrated Alexius Comnenus to the Byzantine throne in the year 1081, the whole of Asia Minor was in the possession of the Turks; and the Greek empire, shorn of its Asiatic provinces, was reduced so as to include only Greece, Macedonia, Thrace, and Illyria. Asia Minor was broken up into various Turkish kingdoms, the sultans of which soon began to quarrel among themselves—a circumstance which was fortunate for Alexius, as it arrested the progress of the Turks, and retained them on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. The disturbed state of Asia Minor, however, only increased the sufferings of the pilgrims who continued to flock from Europe to the Holy Land. Not one out of three returned to recount his hardships, or to thrill the hearts of his relatives and fellow-villagers at home with descriptions of Jerusalem and its environs—the Mount of Olives, the Garden of Gethsemane, the place of Crucifixion, and the Holy Sepulchre.

Among those who undertook the pilgrimage to Jerusalem when the dangers attending it were greatest, was a native of Amiens in France, named Peter; of whose life up to this period all that we know is, that he had served as a soldier in his youth; had afterwards married a lady of rank, but poor and old; and had finally abjured the world from religious motives, and become a monk and an ascetic, obtaining from those who knew him and his solitary manner of life the name of Peter the Hermit. To atone for some crime which haunted his conscience, or for the sins of his youth in general, Peter resolved on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Of the particulars of his journey thither we have no record; we only know that he arrived at Jerusalem in safety, and visited all the scenes sacred in a Christian's eyes. His, however, was not a mind to be contented with the mere refined enjoyment of having seen what others had not seen—with the mere pleasure of having walked in the streets and suburbs of Jerusalem. No: as he walked along these streets and suburbs, gazing at this and that holy spot, insolent and contemptuous Turks looking on and mocking, his spirit burned and grew bitter within him, and his hand clenched itself convulsively, as if longing for a sword. At night his discourse with the Latin Christian in whose house he lodged was about Jerusalem—its ancient *glory, its present degradation*, the hopes of its future restoration;

and on the same theme he descanted much with Simeon, the pious Greek patriarch of Jerusalem, in whom, although heretical in many points which Peter, as a Latin Christian, deemed important, he found in the main a congenial spirit. In reply to Peter's questions and propositions, the patriarch explained that nothing was to be expected from the Greek empire in behalf of the Holy Land; that the court of Constantinople was so dissolute and corrupt, that a holy enterprise, such as the rescue of Palestine from the Turks, would be the last it would be likely to think of or undertake; and that the only hope was, that the Latin princes might be persuaded to form a league for the grand purpose which had already been entertained by Gregory VII. 'This proposal,' says Abbé Vertot, 'startled the Hermit; but, far from abating his zeal, though he foresaw all the difficulties attending it, he persuaded himself that they might be got over by the assistance and protection of the pope.' 'Write,' he said to the patriarch, 'to the pope and to all the Latin Christians; and seal your letters with the signet of your office as patriarch of Jerusalem. As a penance for my sins, I will travel over Europe; I will describe everywhere the desolate condition of the Holy City, and exhort princes and people to wrest it from the profane hands of the Infidels.' The letters were accordingly written, and the Hermit set sail with them from Joppa. Arrived in Italy, he presented the patriarch's letters to the pope, detailing at the same time his own observations with respect to the wretched condition of Jerusalem, and urging His Holiness to use his authority, as the head of Christendom, to commence an enterprise, the noblest, he said, ever suggested by the Spirit of God to man.

Urban II., who was then pope, was an able and humane man, and both by natural character and by education, as the pupil and protégé of his predecessor Gregory VII., quite prepared to enter into a scheme so favourable to the dominance of the papal power as the Crusades. The state of Europe, however, and of Italy in particular, was such as to make it desirable that he should sound the sentiments of Christendom with regard to the enterprise before he actually appeared at its head. In other words, he resolved that the Crusades should be preached from the pulpits of the church before they were commanded by a papal bull. Calling the Hermit, therefore, he applauded his zeal, expressed his sympathy with his views, and exhorted him to travel through Europe, and stir up the enthusiasm of the people in behalf of the great enterprise to which he had devoted himself. Thus encouraged, the Hermit departed, going from town to town, and from village to village; and, in the language of the chroniclers, 'traversing the whole of Europe in less than a year's time.' His strange and wild aspect, his glittering eye, his shrill and unearthly eloquence, the grandeur of his theme, his pathetic descriptions of the state of Jerusalem and the Christians there, produced everywhere the most extraordinary sensations.

Diminutive, and even mean in personal appearance, he seemed like one inspired and beyond himself when, from the steps of some church door, he harangued the crowd which gathered to hear him. 'He set out,' says a contemporary historian, 'from whence I know not, nor with what purpose; but we saw him passing through the towns and villages, everywhere preaching, and the people flocking round him, loading him with gifts, and praising his sanctity with such eulogiums, that I never remember having seen so great honours paid to any other man. He was very generous, however, in distributing what was given him. He brought back to their homes women who had left their husbands, and, with wonderful authority, restored peace among such as were living unhappily together. In whatever he said or did there was something divine, insomuch that people went to pluck hairs from his mule, and kept them afterwards as relics. Out of doors he generally wore a woollen tunic, with a brown mantle which descended to his heels. His arms and feet were bare: he ate little or no bread; but lived on fish and wine.'

Such being the success of the Hermit's mission, the pope announced his approbation of the projected Crusade; and in the year 1095 summoned two councils, where the subject was discussed. At the first of these, held at Placentia in March 1095, ambassadors from the Greek emperor Alexius appeared to petition for aid against the Turks; and those who were present pledged themselves to give it: and at the second, the famous Council of Clermont, held at the town of that name in Auvergne in the month of November, the Crusade was definitively resolved on. Ascending the pulpit, Pope Urban II. addressed an enormous multitude of clergy of every order, and laymen from all parts of the world, expounding to them the scheme in which, as head of Christendom, he wished to engage their thoughts, their prayers, and their labours. An outline of this memorable speech has been preserved to us. After alluding to the various perplexing topics with which, for the last seven days, they had been occupied—the crimes and errors which, as an ecclesiastical assembly, they had been taking cognisance of—the chaotic and disorderly condition of the church in general—he holds out the Crusade to their view as 'a haven of rest,' an enterprise in which they may all engage, enthusiastic co-operation in which will atone for their crimes, make them forget their differences, and weld them together again as one true church. After dilating on the power and tyranny of the Turks, he goes on to prove, by a curious physiological observation, that the Turks may be conquered. 'It is plain,' he says, 'that every race of people born in the southern regions, being scorched with the intense heat of the sun, abounds more in reflection than in blood; and therefore they avoid coming to close quarters, because they are aware how little blood they possess. Whereas the people who are born amid polar frosts, and distant from the sun's heat, are less *cautious indeed; but,* elate with their copious and luxuriant flow of

blood, they fight with the greatest alacrity.' 'Remember,' he says, 'the saying of God: "Narrow is the way which leadeth to life." Place before your imagination, if you shall be made captive, torments and chains; nay, every possible suffering that can be inflicted. Expect even horrible punishments, that so, if it be necessary, you may redeem your souls at the expense of your bodies. Do you fear death, ye men of courage? Know you not "that for men to live is wretchedness, and to die is gain?" Death sets free from its filthy prison the human soul, which then takes flight for the mansions fitted for its virtues; death accelerates their country to the good; death cuts short the wickedness of the ungodly. By means of death, the soul, made free, is either soothed with joyful hope, or is punished without further apprehension of worse.' On, and still on, he spoke in the same strain, swaying the whole assembly with his fervour till the mass of congregated human beings began to heave to and fro beneath him like a sea. At length, as, turning from the difficulties of the enterprise, he urged them to undertake it, the pent-up emotions of the crowd burst forth, and cries of: '*Deus vult! Deus id vult!*' —'God wills it! God wills it!' rose simultaneously from all parts of the square. Hushing the joyous tumult with a wave of his hand, the pontiff proceeded: 'Lo, dearest brethren, the fulfilment of the Scriptural promise, that wherever two or three are gathered together in the name of Christ, there He will be with them. The Spirit of God alone can have caused this unanimity of sentiment among you. Let the very words, then, which his Spirit has dictated to you, be your cry of war. When you attack the enemy, let the words resound from every side: "*Deus vult! Deus id vult!*" The old, the infirm, the weaker sex altogether, must remain in Europe. They would be an impediment rather than an assistance. In this holy undertaking the rich should succour their poorer brethren, and equip them for war. The clergy must not depart without the license of their bishops; for, if they should, their journey would be fruitless. The people must not go without a sacerdotal benediction. Let every one mark, on his breast or back, the sign of our Lord's cross, that the saying may be fulfilled: "He who takes up the cross, and follows me, is worthy of me."' Tears, groans, and shouts were the replies of the crowd. The whole multitude knelt, while one of the cardinals made confession to God of their sins; and when they rose, crosses of red cloth were to be seen on the shoulders of many a priest and many a warrior.

THE FIRST CRUSADE.

The Crusades were precisely the enterprise to enlist the sympathies of Europe in the end of the eleventh century. The power of the church, the feeling of reverence for everything ecclesiastical, was at its height; the might of physical force, the brawling fierceness of a time when splitting skulls with battle-axes was the most exciting

and applauded of human occupations, were overawed and attempered by respect for spiritual symbols; the mail-clad knight bowed low before the cross, and could be made to tremble in the presence of a lean and decrepit priest. Moreover, the love of adventure, that mystic, compound, indescribable something which we denominate the spirit of chivalry; the desire of wandering through the world a faithful and true knight, waging deadly war with falsehood and guile, and assisting everywhere the weak and oppressed against the strong and tyrannical—this fine passion, the particular form at that time of a feeling which has inspired all noble souls since ever the world began, had begun to exert its influence over European society. The Crusades appealing, then, as they did, to the two most powerful feelings of the time—reverence for the church, and the spirit of adventure—absorbed and drank up all the enthusiasm and all the intellect of the age. As soon as the Council of Clermont had risen, the preparations for invading the Holy Land began in almost every country of Europe. The clanging of the smith's hammer, making or repairing his lord's armour, was heard in every village; and in hundreds of castles, through the long winter evenings, the fair hands of mothers, wives, sisters, and lovers were employed in embroidering the banners which their dear ones were to carry into the holy fields —pride and hope mingling in their gentle bosoms with sighs and forebodings as their fingers rustled amid the silken folds. 'The poor themselves,' says a contemporary historian, who gives us a life-like description of the preparations for the Crusade in Germany and France, 'caught the flame so ardently that no one paused to think of the smallness of his wealth; but each set about selling his property at as low a price as if he had been held in some horrible captivity, and sought to pay his ransom without loss of time. There was a general dearth at the time; but no sooner had Christ inspired the multitudes of people to seek a voluntary exile, than the money which had been hoarded up was instantly put in circulation, and articles which had been horribly dear were on a sudden sold for nothing. In the meantime, most of those who had not determined to go on the journey themselves were busy joking and laughing at those who were thus selling their goods at such a loss, and prophesied that the expedition would be disastrous, and the return home worse. Such was their language to-day; but on the morrow, lo! seized with the same enthusiasm as the rest, the mockers abandoned all they had for a few crowns, and set out with the very persons they had laughed at. Who can count the children and the infirm who hastened to the war! Who can count the old men and the young maidens who hurried forward! "*You* warriors," they cried, "shall vanquish by the spear and the sword; but let us at least conquer Christ by our sufferings." At the same time one might see a thousand things springing from the same spirit—some astonishing, some laughable: the poor shoeing their oxen as we shoe horses, and

harnessing them to two-wheeled carts, in which they placed their little stock of provisions and their young children, and proceeding onward; while the babes, at every town and castle they saw before them, demanded eagerly if that was Jerusalem.'

This description applies more particularly to France and Germany; but similar scenes were enacted in all countries whither the news of what had taken place at the Council of Clermont had been carried. 'There was no nation,' says the historian, William of Malmesbury, 'so remote, no people so retired, as not to respond to the pope's wishes. This ardent passion inspired not only the continental provinces, but also the most distant islands and savage countries. The Welshman left his hunting, the Scotchman his fellowship with vermin, the Dane his drinking party, the Norwegian his raw fish.' By the spring, therefore, of 1096—the time appointed by the pope for the setting out of the expedition—masses of the European population were in motion from all quarters, directing their course towards Asia. Slowly at first they began to roll, but as the stream continued, it became larger and more rapid by the accession of new enthusiasts, till at last it swept onward like a flood. Robbers, murderers, and all sorts of criminals joined the bands of Crusaders as they marched along, resolved to purchase by their services in the Holy Land that salvation which their crimes had made them despair of till now. The Crusade! the Crusade! was the one all-absorbing thought of Europe; and not a meteor shot athwart the sky that was not interpreted as an omen and an encouragement from Heaven to persevere in the enterprise. It is calculated that, in the spring of 1096, the various masses in motion towards the Holy Land amounted to six millions of souls. This, however, appears to be an exaggeration.

It does not seem that any definite arrangements had been made as to the organisation of the multitudes who should engage in the Crusade, their order of march, or the leaders whose banners they should follow. These matters were left to arrange themselves. The general assertion of historians is, that the first who marched to the Holy Land consisted of a body of 20,000 foot, with only eight horsemen, commanded by a Burgundian gentleman, named, from his poverty, Walter the Penniless. They were followed by a rabble of 40,000 men, women, and children, led by Peter the Hermit—a medley of all nations and languages, kept together by no other organisation than that of their own wild enthusiasm. Next followed a band of 15,000 men, mostly Germans, under a priest named Gottschalk. These three multitudes led the way in the Crusades, marching in the order in which we have named them, and pursuing the same route—that, namely, which leads through Hungary and Bulgaria towards Asia Minor. A word respecting the fate of these three bands before proceeding with the general history of the Crusade.

Walter the Penniless and his band accomplished a large part of their journey with no other casualties than those inevitable on such

a march. They traversed even the marshes and rivers of Hungary with little loss. It was different, however, when they entered Bulgaria. The natives, indignant that their country should be used as a thoroughfare by a multitude of vagrants from the west, marching they scarcely knew whither, and eating up enormous quantities of provisions as they went, did everything in their power to harass and annoy them, and at length commenced a declared war against them. The consequence was, that the Crusaders, in fighting their way through Bulgaria, were dispersed and all but exterminated—part of the survivors retracing their steps; the rest, among whom was Walter himself, reaching Constantinople with difficulty, where, by the permission of the Emperor Alexius, they remained waiting for the arrival of the Hermit and his companions. Peter, who had had the same difficulties to contend with as his predecessor in marching through Hungary and Bulgaria, at length reached Constantinople with his army greatly reduced, and in a most wretched condition. Here he and Walter the Penniless joined forces, the Hermit assuming the superior command. The riotous conduct of the pilgrims soon wearied out the patience of Alexius, and he was glad to listen to the proposal of the Hermit to furnish them with the means of passing at once into Asia. The rabble, accordingly, with Peter the Hermit and Walter the Penniless at their head, crossed the Bosphorus, and took up their quarters in Bithynia. Here they became perfectly ungovernable, ravaging the country round, and committing incredible excesses; and at length Peter, utterly disgusted and despairing, left them to their own guidance, and returned to Constantinople. After his departure, the Crusaders broke up into separate bands of marauders, and became an easy prey to the Turks. The bravest of them were annihilated in a battle fought not far from Nice, the capital of Bithynia, Walter the Penniless falling with seven mortal wounds. Between two or three thousand alone escaped; these were brought back to Constantinople by some troops despatched by Alexius, at the earnest solicitations of the Hermit, to rescue them from the Turks. Alexius bought their arms, and dismissed them, with orders to return home; and thus ended the expeditions of Walter the Penniless and Peter the Hermit, consisting jointly of about 60,000 men.

The 15,000 Germans led by Gottschalk never reached Constantinople, being slaughtered or dispersed during their passage through Hungary. Hungary was also fatal to another army of Crusaders—the fourth in order, but greatly exceeding in numbers the other three put together. This terrible horde, consisting of about 200,000 wretches from France, England, Flanders, and Lorraine, had swept along through Germany, committing horrible ravages, especially against the Jews, whom they murdered without mercy in many of the towns through which they directed their route. Of the character of this savage multitude, and the views of those who led it, we know

little, except that they declared their intention to be to rescue the Holy Sepulchre, and that they were accused of blasphemously worshipping a goat and a goose, which they carried with them, asserting that they were filled with the Divine Spirit. As the rabble advanced, the Hungarians gave themselves up for lost; the king and his nobles were preparing to flee; when the mass fell asunder of its own accord, and the panic-stricken fragments were hewn to pieces by the enraged people whose country they were invading. Some escaped to the north, and a few of the stragglers ultimately joined the succeeding bands of the Crusaders; but the vast majority perished.

Thus, within a few months, upwards of a quarter of a million of human beings had been swept out of existence. Of the 20,000 who had marched under Walter the Penniless, the 40,000 who had followed under Peter the Hermit, the 15,000 Germans whom the priest Gottschalk had led, and the 200,000 savages who had composed the fourth and last division, making in all 275,000, certainly not 25,000 survived. And this quarter of a million of individuals had spent their lives without one important result having been accomplished, without one glorious feat having been achieved.

These multitudes, however, were the mere dregs and refuse of the age—poor wretches who had been hurried on by a kind of mania into the enterprise, without forethought or preparation of any sort, and whose main anxiety had been to be the first to reach the Holy Land. In the meantime the real chivalry of Europe was mustering for the Crusade; not mere fanatical masses under the influence of priests and unknown adventurers, but the gentry, yeomanry, and serfs of feudal Europe, under chiefs of the first rank and renown. These were the true Crusaders. Drawn together from all parts, from city and country, from the islands and coasts of Northern Europe, as well as from France and Germany, they ranged themselves individually under the banners of the particular chief whom they preferred, or whom they considered themselves feudally bound to follow. Altogether they formed six armies, marching separately, and at considerable intervals of time. First came the army of Godfrey of Bouillon, Duke of Lorraine, the pride of his age for all noble and knightly virtues; immortalised by the poet Tasso, and in speaking of whom even the chroniclers become poetical. He had risen from a sick-bed to join the Crusade, had sold his lordship to raise the necessary money; and the fame of his character had assembled many of the best knights of the age around his standard, inclusive of his brother Baldwin, and many other relations. In the month of August 1096, he commenced his march at the head of a great army. Not long after his departure, there set out, by a different route, the second army of Crusaders under Hugh the Great, Count of Vermandois, brother of Philip I., king of France—a brave and accomplished leader, inferior, however, to Godfrey of Bouillon in piety and

those peculiar qualities summed up by the old romancists in the word 'gentle.' After Hugh of Vermandois, and probably acknowledging him as their feudal chief, came the potent French baron, Stephen, Count of Blois, a shrewd and sagacious commander; and the boisterous and good-tempered, but weak and irresolute, Robert Curthose, Duke of Normandy, the son of William the Conqueror, and brother of William Rufus, king of England, to whom he had mortgaged his duchy, in order to raise money for the Crusade. Under the duke's banners were ranged most of the Norman and English Crusaders, among whom were Stephen, Earl of Albemarle, and Odo of Bayeux, Earl of Kent. Next followed Count Robert of Flanders, who also, though marching at the head of a separate army, acknowledged the brother of the French king as his chief. The fifth band of Crusaders consisted of 10,000 horse and an immense multitude of foot, who marched from Italy under the command of Bohemond, Prince of Tarentum, the son of the famous Guiscard. Bohemond was able, ambitious, enterprising, and withal wary and crafty—the Ulysses of the Crusade. With him, and second in command in the army, came Tancred, the favourite hero of all the historians of the Crusade—so young, so valiant, so enthusiastic, so modest. 'There was not among them all,' says Tasso, 'a greater warrior, nor any one of more courteous behaviour or finer countenance, or of loftier and more intrepid heart: if any shadow of a fault dimmed the lustre of his fame, it was only his folly in love.' The sixth and last crusading army consisted of the flower of the gay chivalry of Provence, Gascony, and Auvergne, led by the haughty and resolute Count Raimond of Toulouse.

To detail the progress of the various armies on their way to Constantinople is unnecessary; suffice it to say, that, pursuing the route through Hungary and Bulgaria, Godfrey of Bouillon and his army reached Philippopoli, a city in the Greek emperor's dominions, where they were holding their quarters, when they heard that Hugh of Vermandois, who, preceding the main body of his army, had set sail from an Italian port, and landed with a small train at Durazzo, also in the Greek emperor's dominions, had been arrested by the emperor's orders, and carried a prisoner to Constantinople. This insult offered by Alexius to so prominent a chief of the Crusaders requires some explanation. The Greek emperor, it may be remembered, had been so anxious to receive assistance from the Latin powers against the Turks, that he had sent ambassadors to the Council of Placentia to solicit it. He had not calculated, however, on *such* assistance as was now offered. Here was army after army mustering in the west of Europe, all proposing to march through Thrace. Unless something could be done to stop their progress, the corn-fields of his country would be trampled under foot, his subjects impoverished by having to supply food to hordes of strangers, *and his capital, Constantinople*, itself would become a mere porch

for the Latins into Asia Minor. Scarcely knowing what to do, Alexius conceived the project of demanding the feudal homage of the chiefs of the Crusade, as a condition of permitting them to pass through his dominions. It was with this view, apparently, that he had given orders for the arrest of Hugh of Vermandois, arguing that, if he could prevail on the brother of the French king to yield him homage, the other crusading chiefs would have less scruple in doing so. Godfrey of Bouillon, however, on hearing of the apprehension of his fellow-crusader, hurried on through the Greek territory to Constantinople. For six days he ravaged the country round the capital, till at length the emperor was obliged to yield. Hugh of Vermandois was released, and the Latin armies were received with respect and kindness. The aim of Alexius was now to persuade Godfrey to yield him that homage voluntarily which he could not exact from him. With Hugh of Vermandois he had experienced little difficulty; but for a long time Godfrey of Bouillon peremptorily refused to accede to the proposal. At length, however—convinced, probably, that to continue obstinate would be to delay the progress of the Crusade on account of a mere punctilio—he gave his consent, and a meeting took place, where Godfrey declared himself the liegeman of Alexius, and engaged to restore to him whatever Greek places he should recapture from the Turks; while in return, the emperor, by a curious ceremony of honour, adopted Godfrey as his son. Thus an alliance was formally concluded between the Crusaders and the Greek emperor; and after several days spent in feasting and relaxation at Constantinople, the Latin armies crossed the Hellespont, and encamped at Chalcedon, where they waited for the arrival of the other crusading troops.

By pursuing the same policy as he had adopted in the case of Hugh of Vermandois and Godfrey of Bouillon—that is, by harassing the armies as they marched through his dominions, at the same time corresponding with their leaders—the Greek emperor obtained an acknowledgment of feudal allegiance from the other commanders as they successively came up. Tancred and Count Raimond of Toulouse were the only leaders who escaped without having come under the obligation. Raimond was so resolute in his opposition, that Alexius was glad to accept from him a mere oath of friendship: Tancred crossed the Hellespont before the emperor was aware of his intentions, and thus eluded a submission which was repugnant to his chivalrous soul. Alexius, seeing that the Crusades were inevitable, and that he would be obliged to perform a part in them, consoled himself by thinking that he had at least established a nominal influence over the crusading chiefs before sending them into Asia; and that, while they bore all the toil and hardships of the enterprise, fighting their way through the Turks to the Holy Land, he, remaining safe in his own capital, would be able, by his *skill and prudence*, to reap for himself and his subjects all the

advantages resulting from the victories of the Latin armies, or even from their disasters.

And now the Crusade was fairly on foot. Upwards of 600,000 warriors of the west, besides a multitude of priests, women, and children, were actually encamped on the Asiatic soil. It was literally a moving nation, in which all languages were spoken, and all costumes worn. There was the fair-haired son of the north, with broad open forehead, mild blue eyes, sanguine complexion, and large frame; there the dark-visaged southern, with his flashing glance and fiery soul; there was the knight in his armour, the priest in his robes, the foot-soldier in his tough jerkin, the unkempt serf with his belt of rope. There were pawing horses, swearing grooms, carts full of provision-sacks, groups of gossiping women, and crowds of merry children. Under the bright sun of Asia all was gaudy and brilliant. Spear-points glittered; breastplates and helmets gleamed; thousands of targes displayed their painted glories; pennons of blue, purple, and white streamed from every tent, while heavier flags flapped their sullen folds; and everywhere, on shield, flag, helmet, tunic, and coat of mail, was seen blazoned the holy sign of the red cross. Walking through all these, threading his way through groups of soldiers and crowds of playing children, heedless of the looks cast upon him, and hearing not the oft-repeated bugle-blasts from all parts of the camp, might be seen a man of small stature, thin, emaciated, and coarsely clad, with downcast face, wild, unsettled eye, and timid nervous gait. It was the man who had created it all—Peter the Hermit. He had crossed from Constantinople with Godfrey of Bouillon; and now, walking once more on the Asiatic soil, over the bones of those whom he had already led to perish there, he could look around and see in the hundreds of thousands of human beings who surrounded him the creatures and implements of his own enthusiasm, the monster result of that grief and rage of soul which had filled him as, but a few short months before, he found himself creeping along, a solitary and derided pilgrim, in the streets of Jerusalem. His revenge was near! He, a poor and feeble monk, was about to hurl such a thunderbolt against the power of the Moslem as no potentate on earth had ever handled; these myriads of enthusiasts whom he had brought from their homes he would dash against the walls of Jerusalem; and every groan of his own spirit under Turkish insult would be repaid by the dying shrieks of a hundred Infidels—every Turkish laugh at the expense of his religion by a huzza from the Christian armies. On—on, then, to the Holy City!

Alas! the Holy City was yet far distant. Not much more than half their journey, in point of space, had been accomplished, and, in point of peril and difficulty, their march had little more than begun; for they had just entered on the countries inhabited by the Infidel. Months had to roll over, and many a bloody field had to

be fought, ere the pinnacles of the Holy City should greet their longing eyes.

The route of the crusading armies lay in a south-easterly direction through Asia Minor, and then southward to Jerusalem, along the shores of the Levant. Their march along this route—counting from the time of their crossing from Constantinople into Asia Minor (May 1097), to the time when they came in sight of Jerusalem and laid siege to it (June 1099)—occupied upwards of two years; including, of course, their various halts and encampments, and the time spent in fighting battles and besieging towns on the way. We must leave it to the imagination of our readers to conceive all the toils and distresses to which the Crusaders were subject in this two years' march through the countries of the Mussulman. Two actions only deserve particular notice—the siege of Nice, and that of Antioch.

The siege of Nice, the capital of the provinces of Bithynia and of the Turkish kingdom of Roum, was the first exploit in which the crusading armies were engaged. The siege began on the 8th of May 1097, and terminated on the 24th of June. During these six weeks the slaughter of the Christians by the arrows of the Turkish garrison, and the bolts and large stones which they discharged from mangonels and catapults, was immense. 'Nothing was to be seen on the highways, in the woods and the fields,' says an eye-witness, 'but a crowd of tombs, where our brethren lay buried.' The city surrendered at last; not, however, to the Latin chiefs, but to an envoy whom the Greek emperor, Alexius, maintained in the crusading camp, and who contrived to enter into communication with the besieged, and induce them to capitulate. Angry and dissatisfied at this conduct of Alexius, the Crusaders left their encampment under the walls of Nice, and resumed their march, not in one mass, but in various bodies—the armies of Soliman or Kilidge Arslan, the sultan of Roum, hovering on their track. A terrible battle took place at Dorylæum between Soliman's forces and those of Bohemond and Tancred, assisted at the close by Godfrey of Bouillon; and the Christians gained a great victory. The march was then continued through Phrygia and Lycaonia. On and still on they toiled, their numbers diminishing every day—thinned by famine, thirst, fatigue, disease, and the attacks of the Turks. Variety and adventure, even pleasure and enjoyment, were not, however, wanting. Deviating from the main line of march, the various chiefs led their forces hither and thither in quest of plunder and fame. One of them, Baldwin, the brother of Godfrey, even crossed the Euphrates, and pushed into Mesopotamia, where he obtained the principality of Edessa—the Greek inhabitants of the town compelling their king, Thoros, who was weak and old, to elect the valiant Crusader his successor. At length the main forces had traversed Lycaonia and Cilicia, and turned the north-eastern angle of the Mediterranean.

The scattered armies now assembled for another joint enterprise—the siege of Antioch, the capital of Syria, surrounded by massive walls, and amply provided with all the means of resistance.

The Crusaders commenced the siege of Antioch towards the end of October 1097. All the known means of attack were put in operation; movable towers were constructed from which to discharge missiles into the city, the walls were battered, and the sallies of the besieged bravely met; still without any effective result. At length the country round was drained of its stores, and the Crusaders began to suffer the extremities of want. The famine increased to such a degree, that men were seen eating the dead bodies of those who had been slain by the enemy. Pestilence joined its ravages; and instead of the brave array of chivalry which had sat down before Antioch, was to be seen a crowd of gaunt and famishing wretches, with scarcely a thought but that of procuring food. Multitudes died; and many, once the most zealous and enthusiastic in the army, were heard cursing their own folly in quitting their homes on such an expedition. Desertions became numerous. The envoy of the Greek emperor made a pretext for returning to Constantinople; the Count de Melun, a distinguished warrior, was detected making an attempt to leave the army with his followers; Stephen, Count of Blois, pretended illness, and withdrew from the Crusade, retreating towards Europe; and, most disgraceful of all, Peter the Hermit turned his back upon his own enterprise, and had actually fled several miles on the way home, when he was overtaken by the soldiers of Tancred, and brought back to undergo a public reprimand. Poor enthusiast! Accustomed to think of himself as the soul of the enterprise, his strength depended on the feeling of his own importance; and when he was deprived of this feeling, when he found himself a mere unit in the army, without voice or influence, his spirit grew galled and listless, and he who could have borne up a host, became liable, in his own case, to all the infirmities of ordinary men.

At length, after infinite sufferings on the part of the besiegers, Antioch was taken on the 3d of June 1098, by means of the treachery of an Armenian captain, whom the Turks had intrusted with the command of one of the towers, and who admitted a number of the Crusaders during a dark and stormy night. The slaughter was immense. In the usual words of the historians, neither age nor sex was spared; the victors seemed to regard mercy to the Infidel as a crime against their oaths to the Crusade. Luxury and licentiousness succeeded to cruelty; and, forgetting their past miseries, the Christians revelled in the possession of their dearly purchased wealth. Suddenly they were roused from their sloth and pleasure by the appearance before the walls of Antioch of an immense army, which the Persian calif, hearing of the progress of the Christians through Asia Minor, had despatched, under the command of his favourite emir, Kerboga, to attack and repulse them. Kerboga had delayed

some time at Edessa, otherwise he might have arrived in time to save Antioch. Now, however, his object was to recover it from the possession of the Christians. Having been joined by Kilidge Arslan, his army amounted to upwards of 200,000 men. Great was the alarm of the Christians when they saw this splendid host encamp around the walls of Antioch. The corn and wine which they had found in the city were soon exhausted; and all the horrors of a second famine began—horrors aggravated by the semblances of wealth by which they were themselves surrounded—the silks and spices, which they would fain have bartered for any sort of provisions; and still more by the appearances of plenty which they saw in the camp of the besiegers outside the walls. Many deserted and escaped over the walls, carrying the news of the sad condition of the Christians back towards Europe. The worst consequence of these desertions was, that the Greek emperor, Alexius, who, hearing of the successes of the Latins, was on his march to assist the Crusaders, was deterred from advancing, and driven back to Constantinople. As earthly hopes died out, however, Heaven itself appeared to send down help and inspiration. Men who lay down faint and starving, roused themselves, after a few hours' slumber, with flushed faces and excited gestures, and declared that they had seen visions of the Saviour and his apostles beckoning them kindly. These dreams were repeated and interpreted into encouragements to perseverance, vouchsafed by God himself. A feverish fervour spread through the town. One morning the excitement was more than usually intense. A clerk of Provence had dreamed, he said, that St Andrew appeared to him in the night, and informed him that underneath a certain spot in the floor of the church of St Peter was buried the identical lance with which the Roman soldier had pierced the side of Christ as he hung on the cross. This relic, said the apparition, was to be the guarantee of God's presence with the Crusaders, and their guide to victory. There were various opinions as to the propriety of believing in the clerk's story so far as to search for the lance; at length, however, the sceptics, among whom was Adhemar, Bishop of Puy, yielded to the general voice, and it was resolved to dig for the relic. Twelve persons were chosen to conduct the search within the chapel, while the multitude remained anxiously without. A whole day was spent in vain; the workmen were tired out, and still no lance was found. It was evening when Peter Barthelmy, the clerk who had seen the vision, descended into the pit, and began to rake the loose earth. Who so likely to discover the relic as the man who had dreamed of it? Still Peter raked the earth at the bottom of the pit, and the men who had for some time hung over to look down at him had lost hope of his success, and begun to move away, when all at once a cry of joy was heard, and, stretching himself to his full height, Peter handed up into the eager fingers of those above an actual rusty lance-head! In an

instant it was noised abroad through the city that the holy relic had been found.* What remained now but to issue from Antioch and discomfit the Infidel host?

The Infidel host *was* discomfited. On the 28th of June 1098, 200,000 Turks, in the full flush of health and strength, were routed outside the walls of Antioch by a half-famished Christian army! Sixty-nine thousand Turks were slain, and the booty was immense. Antioch, now a Christian principality, was bestowed on Bohemond of Tarentum; and it was resolved that the Christian army should remain there to recruit during the hot autumn months, not advancing towards Jerusalem till the beginning of October. In the meantime, Hugh of Vermandois, with some other chiefs, were despatched to Constantinople to remonstrate with Alexius, and remind him of his engagements to assist the Crusaders. Hugh arrived safely at Constantinople, and delivered his message; but finding himself so near his native country, he became home-sick, and continued his journey to France, abandoning an enterprise the pains of which had already been too severe for him.

During their stay at Antioch, the Crusaders were visited by a plague incident to the climate, which cut off many of their number, among others, Adhemar, Bishop of Puy. Somewhat later than the time appointed they commenced their march to Jerusalem by Tripoli and Acre, at the former of which towns they first saw the sugar-cane, and tasted its sweets. We need not detail their various actions on this march, their sufferings from the usual cause of famine, their disputes and reconciliations. The only incident which need be mentioned is the tragical death of Peter Barthelmy, the discoverer of the sacred lance. Out of hostility to Barthelmy's patron, Raimond of Toulouse, many of the Crusaders had begun to call the genuineness of the relic in question; and, in order to silence their expressions of doubt, Peter was prevailed upon to submit to the ordeal of fire. A great fire was kindled in the presence of the assembled army; Peter, with the lance in his hand, walked into the flames, where, becoming frightened, he was burned to death. From that moment the story of the relic lost credit with all, except a few whose faith could not be shaken.

It was on a lovely morning in the summer of 1099 that the 40,000 Crusaders, who were all that remained of the vast army of more than 600,000 which, two years before, had laid siege to Nice—it was on a lovely summer morning that this devoted band of survivors, consisting of warriors, priests, women, and children, were recompensed for all their toils by a sight of Jerusalem. They had passed Emmaus, that place of sacred associations, when the Holy City burst upon their view, revealing itself at once and goldenly in the swift-rising sun of the East. The name 'Jerusalem!' escaped from every lip; some leaped and shouted; some knelt and prayed; some wept; some threw themselves prostrate and kissed the earth; some

gazed and trembled: 'all had much ado,' says the quaint and emphatic Fuller, 'to manage so great a gladness.'

The siege of Jerusalem, which commenced on the 7th of June 1099, and terminated on the 15th of July, did not differ essentially from that of Antioch. The besiegers, who had gained skill by their former attempts, employed all the methods of attack that experience could suggest or courage execute; while the garrison of 40,000 Turks, who maintained the city for their master, the calif of Egypt, resisted with determined obstinacy. At length, after a confession of sins by the whole army, and a penitential procession round the walls, a simultaneous assault was made with battering-rams, mangonels, and all manner of besieging engines. At one quarter a huge wooden tower was wheeled close to the walls, a movable bridge was let down, and, bounding across it, a soldier named Lutold was the first man to stand upon the battlements. Godfrey of Bouillon and a number of knights sprang after him; and the Christians were within Jerusalem. Meanwhile, at another part of the wall, Tancred and Robert of Normandy had shattered open a gate, and rushed in with their men; while, at a third part of the city, Raimond of Toulouse effected an entrance for himself and his followers by the help of scaling-ladders. The carnage was terrific. 'Never,' in the language of the contemporary chroniclers, 'was there so great a massacre of the Gentiles;' the birthplace of the religion of peace was won amid the shrieks and blasphemies of gashed and dying men; and the work of blood being brought to an end, 'the clamour of thanksgiving among the victors was loud enough to have reached the stars.' On the 15th of July 1099, the banner of the cross floated on the walls of Jerusalem. What tears and rejoicings succeeded; what visits to the holy places of the Saviour's life and passion; what confessions of past sin; what vows of future sanctity; what prayers and imprecations against the Infidel! And then the pride of having had a part in so glorious an achievement! Oh, who now would grudge the pains and toils of their long and weary march; the loss of friends and relatives by the way; the agony of broken ties and sickening home remembrances! To return to Europe with the glory of having been one of the captors of Jerusalem; to clasp once more—the father, his wife and little ones; the son, his mother and sisters; the lover, his long-lost bride! Oh, was not this worth all that had been endured by the way! Such were the feelings of the victorious Crusaders. The Hermit was once more the idol of the army; his weakness at Antioch was forgotten or forgiven, and nought remembered but his merits and his enthusiasm. From this moment, however, we lose sight of him. That he shared the triumphs of the capture of Jerusalem we know for certain; but how long afterwards he lived, or where he died, are points respecting which we have no information.

Eight days after the capture of the city, the Latin chiefs unani-

mously, and with the enthusiastic consent of the whole army, elected Godfrey of Bouillon king of Jerusalem. A new Christian state was thus founded in Syria, consisting at first of little more than the mere city of Jerusalem, but which was extended, by subsequent battles and conquests, until it included the whole of Palestine. A language resembling Norman-French was established in this new kingdom, and a code of feudal laws drawn up for its government. The clergy also obtained their share of the conquest. Jerusalem was erected into a patriarchate, and Bethlehem into a bishopric; and the first bad outbreaks of human nature among the Crusaders after conquering Jerusalem were the cabals of the clergy respecting these new ecclesiastical dignities. The foundation of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem in July 1099 was the conclusion and consummation of the first Crusade.

HISTORY OF THE LATIN KINGDOMS IN ASIA FROM THE FIRST TO THE SECOND CRUSADE.

The Crusades are usually reckoned seven in number; and as the first began in 1096, and the last was brought to a termination in 1291, the entire history of the Crusades may be said to occupy a period of two centuries. We have sketched the history of the first Crusade with sufficient fulness to give a general conception of the true spirit of the Crusades, and of the toils and difficulties which the soldiers of the cross had to contend with. All that we can attempt more is to give such a historical outline as may exhibit the connection of the last six Crusades with the first and greatest one, and put our readers in possession of the facts necessary to enable them to view the Crusades as a whole.

Godfrey of Bouillon, the first king of Jerusalem, died in July 1100, after having reigned but one year. He was succeeded by his brother Baldwin, Prince of Edessa, who reigned eighteen years; and was in turn succeeded by Baldwin du Bourg, or Baldwin II., also one of the original Crusaders. After him the dignity of king of Jerusalem was held by Fulk of Anjou, who ascended the throne in 1131, and who was succeeded in 1148 by his son, Baldwin III. Under these successive princes the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem was extended and consolidated. Many battles were fought with the Saracens of Syria and Egypt, who exerted themselves to the utmost to crush the infant principality founded by the Crusaders. The result of all these battles was but to strengthen the Latin state. The towns and villages of the Mussulmans throughout the Holy Land submitted one after another, purchasing the protection and toleration of the Latin sovereigns by the payment of tribute. The Christians and the Turks of Palestine were thus thrown more together, and began to constitute a mixed population. The constant influx of pilgrims and *adventurers from Europe* tended to maintain the preponderance of

the Christians. No fewer than 500,000 persons set out from Europe for Syria, incited by the news of the success of the first Crusade; and year after year fresh accessions were made to the population of Jerusalem, Antioch, and Edessa, by the arrival of bands of soldiers, priests, and merchants from the different countries of Europe. Twenty years after the capture of Jerusalem by the Crusaders, the condition of Palestine may be conceived as resembling that of Spain after the Moorish conquest. As in Spain, in the year 740, there was a mixed population of Mohammedans and Christians, in which the Mohammedans were politically dominant, so in Syria, in the year 1140, there was a mixed population, consisting likewise of Christians and Mohammedans, but in which the Christians were politically dominant. Indeed, as an eminent historian has remarked, the irruption of the Europeans into Asia during the Crusades, and the foundation of a Latin kingdom in Palestine, may be regarded as a sort of revenge and compensation for the irruption of the Arabs into the Spanish peninsula four centuries before.

The three centres from which the Christian power sought to spread itself through the Mussulman possessions were Jerusalem, Antioch, and Edessa. These three towns were, in fact, the capitals of three distinct principalities; and to fill up the gap between the first and second Crusades, would be to detail the history of each of them, of their internal progress as states, and of their struggles against the Turks. With regard to Jerusalem, in addition to what we have already said, we need only allude to the foundation there of those two celebrated military orders—the Knights Hospitallers and the Knights Templars. At the commencement of our narrative, we incidentally mentioned the institution, in the year 1048, of a hospital in Jerusalem for the relief of pilgrims. This hospital, founded by some pious Italian merchants, had weathered all the storms of the Turkish invasion of Palestine; and a monastery having been attached to it, dedicated to St John the Almoner, the monks of which made it their business to attend to sick and poor pilgrims, it became in those troubled times a most valuable institution for the Christians who visited Jerusalem. On the advance of the crusading army, the monks of St John, along with the principal Christians of the place, were thrown into prison. Released by the conquerors after the capture of Jerusalem, the good monks made themselves conspicuous by their kind offices to the wounded Crusaders. In gratitude for their pious services, endowments and immunities were conferred on them by Godfrey of Bouillon; the Hospitallers of Jerusalem became rich and famous, and monastic institutions bearing their name were founded in various cities of Europe. On the death of their abbot, a Frenchman named Gerard, in 1118, a Crusader named Raimond Dupuy, who had been wounded at the siege of Jerusalem, and had experienced the benefits of the hospital, was chosen his successor. Raimond, combining his old profession

of a soldier with his new duties as head of an ecclesiastical corporation, conceived the idea of changing the Monks Hospitallers into a military body. The order of the Knights Hospitallers of St John was accordingly founded; the declared objects of the institution being to make war upon the Infidels, and to afford relief and comfort to pilgrims to the Holy Land. The origin of the Knights Templars was not very dissimilar. Even after the conquest of Palestine by the Crusaders, pilgrims from Europe were frequently plundered and robbed by the Turks on their way to Jerusalem. To defend travellers from the attacks of these roving bands of Infidels, some French knights who had taken part in the first Crusade formed an association of a religious character, abjuring worldly possessions, vowing implicit obedience to their elected chief, and renouncing every end in life except the defence of the Christian faith against the Infidel. The nine knights who were the first members of the association had quarters assigned them in Jerusalem near the Temple; hence the name of the order.

The sovereignty of Antioch, it will be remembered, had been conferred on Bohemond of Tarentum. After some years spent in war with the Turks on the one hand, and the Greek emperor, Alexius, who had given him reason of offence, on the other, as well as in dissensions with the king of Jerusalem, with whom he maintained a kind of chivalrous rivalry, Bohemond returned to Europe, where he married Constantia, daughter of the French king. Tancred, who, by his marriage with Cecilia, the sister of Constantia, became Bohemond's brother-in-law, remained as his deputy in Antioch; and on Bohemond's death, which took place in Italy in 1109, as he was making preparations to return to Syria, Tancred succeeded him. Three years afterwards, however, this, the gentlest and most chivalrous of all the Crusaders except Godfrey of Bouillon, was also laid in the tomb. After some years, during which the government was in the hands of Roger, a kinsman of Tancred, the sovereignty of Antioch was annexed to that of Jerusalem by Baldwin II. In 1126, however, Bohemond, son of Bohemond and Constantia, arrived in Syria, and claimed his father's territories. The claim was acknowledged, and Bohemond assumed the government of Antioch. On his death, a contest began between his widow and Fulk, king of Jerusalem, respecting the dependence of Antioch on Jerusalem. Fulk succeeded in gaining his point, and conferred the government of Antioch, along with the hand of Constantia, daughter and heiress of Bohemond, on Raymond of Poitiers. A new claimant then appeared for the sovereignty of Antioch in the person of the Greek emperor, John Comnenus, who succeeded Alexius; and at the breaking out of the second Crusade, Antioch was actually in the condition of a Greek dependency.

Edessa, as our readers already know, was a Mesopotamian sovereignty, to which Baldwin, the brother of Godfrey of Bouillon, had

been elected during the advance of the crusading armies out of Asia Minor into Syria. On the death of Godfrey, Baldwin was transferred to the principality of Jerusalem, and Edessa was conferred on Baldwin du Bourg, who, being also transferred to Jerusalem at a later period, left the inferior Mesopotamian dignity to Joscelyn de Courtenay, a distinguished Crusader. From Joscelyn the sovereignty of Edessa descended to his son, whose incapacity enabled the Moslems to gain successes which they had not dared to hope for under his predecessors. In the year 1144, Emad-Eddin Zenghi, emir of Aleppo and Mosul, a brave and able Turk, who had already given proofs of his prowess, advanced against Edessa while its effeminate prince was amusing himself on the other side of the Euphrates, and, after a siege of eighteen days, effected an entrance, and made himself master of the city with immense slaughter of the inhabitants.

This capture of Edessa, the first conspicuous success of the Turks against the Latin power in Asia, was the immediate cause of the second Crusade. Nearly fifty years had elapsed since the victorious Crusaders had entered Syria; and all the brave heroes of the first Crusade—the Godfreys, the Tancreds, the Baldwins, the Bohemonds—had gone to their peaceful resting-places. The very spirit of the Crusade seemed to have died out. Those scenes which, to the eyes of pilgrims, were sacred and impressive, had become necessarily familiar to men born amidst them, or at least accustomed to regard them only as an emigrant regards the spot where he has chosen his new abode. The Latin kingdom of Jerusalem had become, like any other kingdom of the period, a country in which men built houses, ploughed land, made bargains, gave feasts, ate, drank, laughed, talked, quarrelled, and went to law. The fall of Edessa, therefore, came like a surprise upon the Latin population of Syria. A temporary gleam of hope was afforded them by the sudden death of Zenghi, whose empire was divided between his two sons—Saphaddin, who became emir of Mosul; and Noureddin, who became emir of Aleppo. An attempt was made by the Latins at this juncture to recover Edessa, which, however, was foiled by the activity of Noureddin, who, marching in haste to the city, defeated the Latin force which was besieging it, and razed the fortifications to the ground, thus laying the frontier of Syria open to invasion from the east.

THE SECOND CRUSADE.

The fall of Edessa, and the petitions of the people of Palestine for aid, produced a great sensation throughout Europe, and especially in France. There, Palestine was still the land of wonders, towards which the imagination of the devout was ever carrying them. Nor was an apostle wanting worthy to fill the place of Peter the Hermit, and to summon the chivalry of Europe to a second Crusade.

Commissioned by Pope Eugenius for that purpose, the famous St Bernard, abbot of Clairvaux in Champagne, travelled through France and Germany, exerting the powers of his marvellous eloquence in recruiting the armies of the cross.

The chiefs of the second Crusade were two of the most powerful princes of Europe—Louis VII., king of France; and Conrad III., emperor of Germany. Under their command upwards of 1,200,000 men, collected from all parts of Europe, marched towards Palestine in two great armies early in 1147. Notwithstanding the vastness of the preparations, the expedition was a total failure. The events of the last fifty years had rendered the policy of the Greek princes hostile to the Crusades. Manuel Comnenus, the grandson of Alexius, who now occupied the throne, suffered both armies to pass into Asia Minor, where, purposely misled by the Greek scouts, the army of Conrad was all but destroyed by the Turks near Iconium; while the army of Louis, after undergoing infinite hardship, was wrecked in the defiles of the Pisidian mountains. The relics of the two armies uniting, made their way to Syria, where they co-operated with forces of the princes of Jerusalem and Antioch in laying siege to Damascus, but without effect, being compelled, by the activity of Saphaddin and Noureddin, the two sons of Zenghi, to raise the siege. In 1149, Conrad and Louis returned to Europe, and the second Crusade was at an end, having consisted in nothing more than the useless expenditure of more than a million of lives. Hundreds of poor pilgrims, who had accompanied the armies with the intention of visiting the Holy Sepulchre, were left to languish in Turkish captivity.

RISE OF SALADIN—RECONQUEST OF JERUSALEM BY THE TURKS—THE THIRD CRUSADE.

A period of forty years elapsed before Europe fitted out another Crusade for the preservation of the Christian power in Palestine. Meanwhile the struggle between the Christians and the Turks in Syria was carried on without intermission. Noureddin, the son of Zenghi, displayed a superiority of genius which astonished his neighbours, both Turks and Christians. Keeping possession of Edessa, he aimed at extending his conquests at the expense of the Christians still farther. For some time he was kept in check by the abilities of Baldwin III., king of Jerusalem, who, availing himself of the services of many of those private adventurers who were continually arriving in Palestine from Europe, sometimes in considerable bands, still maintained the integrity of his kingdom. On the death of Baldwin, however, in 1162, Noureddin's ambition found larger scope, Baldwin's brother and successor, Almeric, being by no means his equal in talent.

At this crisis, while Noureddin, the sultan of Aleppo, and Almeric,

the Christian king of Jerusalem, were the rival powers in Syria, occurred a circumstance which exercised considerable influence on the subsequent course of events, and to understand which it will be necessary to take a retrospective glance.

At the time of the first Crusade, Palestine was the scene of a violent contest between the Turks, who had poured down from the north in 1055, conquering as they went, and the Fatimites of Egypt, who had possessed Syria for nearly a century. The Turks had at first been irresistible. The Fatimites, however, had been so successful as to recover Jerusalem out of the hands of their enemies at the very instant when the Crusade was preached; and, as will be remembered, it was a vizier of the Egyptian calif who had defended the Holy City against the Christians. Interrupted in their conflict with each other for the sovereignty of Palestine by the sudden apparition among them of the chivalry of Europe, the Fatimites of Egypt and the Turks of Syria turned their arms with one accord against the new invader. For fifty years, as we have seen, the Christian power had maintained and extended itself at the expense both of the Turks and the Fatimites. In the person of Noureddin, however, the Turkish power was now increasing. With the simple title of Sultan of Aleppo, and nominally dependent on the calif of Bagdad, he already shared Syria with Almeric, the Christian monarch of Jerusalem, when a circumstance opened up to his ambition a prospect of still more extensive power. The Fatimite dynasty of Egypt had long been shewing symptoms of decay, the califs having become mere tools in the hands of their viziers and high military officers. In 1163, one of these viziers, named Shawer, finding himself expelled from his post by a rival named Dargham, sought refuge at the court of the sultan of Aleppo, from whom he asked assistance. Noureddin, a Turk, and therefore the hereditary enemy of the Fatimites, eagerly embraced the opportunity of obtaining a footing in Egypt, and sent two Kurdish adventurers in whom he placed confidence—Assad-Eddin Chyrkouh, and his nephew, Salah-Eddin, or Saladin—to displace the usurping vizier, and re-establish Shawer. This was no sooner effected, than Shawer, finding himself treated as a mere subordinate by the emissaries of Noureddin, invited Almeric, king of Jerusalem, to assist him in expelling them. Almeric, in his turn, sought to compensate himself for his services in driving Chyrkouh and his nephew out of Egypt, by retaining his influence in that country. Again, at Shawer's request, the officers of Noureddin entered Egypt, and the Christian forces were expelled. The vizier, however, paid the penalty of his fickleness by losing his head; and his post was immediately occupied by Chyrkouh, who, while ruling Egypt as the vizier of the Fatimite calif, was in reality the lieutenant of Noureddin. On the death of Chyrkouh in 1169, his nephew, Saladin, was appointed to the viziership; the calif imagining that with such a vizier as the young and pleasure-loving

Kurdish chief, he might again have some power in his own dominions. Saladin, however, was no ordinary character; his daring mind soon gave him the supremacy; and, instructed by Noureddin, whose lieutenant he acknowledged himself to be, he effected a revolution in Egypt, declared the Fatimite dynasty at an end, and subjected the country once more to the nominal authority of the Bagdad califs, whom Noureddin professed to reverence as the supreme heads of the Mohammedan empire. Nor did he stop here. Once lord of Egypt, he soon shewed a disposition to shake off his allegiance to Noureddin; and the sultan of Aleppo was preparing to march into Egypt, to vindicate his authority, when he was cut off by death in the year 1171.

The death of Noureddin was an important event both for Almeric, king of Jerusalem, and for Saladin, viceroy of Egypt. The former seized the opportunity of making an incursion on the Turkish territories; the latter saw the great obstacle to his ambition removed, and began to aim at realising those schemes of sovereignty which Noureddin himself had projected. The state of the Christian kingdom during the ten or twelve years which followed was such as directly to favour the rising fortunes of the young Kurdish chief. In 1173 Almeric died, and was succeeded by his son, Baldwin IV., the seventh monarch of Jerusalem. Baldwin, who was a leper, did not reign long. When he found his death approaching, he appointed Raymond II., Count of Tripoli, to be regent during the minority of his nephew Baldwin, who was to succeed him on the throne. The death of this young prince, however, shortly after that of his uncle, left the kingdom in a state of the utmost confusion. Guy de Lusignan and his wife Sybilla, the uncle and aunt of the deceased prince, usurped the throne with the assistance of a large party, including the patriarch of Jerusalem, the Grand-master of the Templars, and other influential men; while, on the other hand, their claims were disputed by another strong party, at the head of which were the Count of Tripoli and the Grand-master of the Hospitallers.

Meanwhile, the keen eye of Saladin had discerned the weakness of his Christian neighbours in these civil dissensions; and, already master of all Syria, he resolved to complete his greatness by the conquest of Palestine. Brave, daring, experienced, and a resolute enemy of the Christians, Mohammedanism had as yet produced no chief so fitted to be its champion against the chivalry of Christendom as Saladin appeared to be. Accordingly, when, in the year 1187, it was known that he was on his march against Jerusalem with an army of 50,000 horse and a vast multitude of foot, the Christian leaders saw the necessity of abandoning their dissensions, and uniting cordially against the invader. Their exertions, however, were in vain. Assisted, it is said, by the treachery of the Count of Tripoli, Saladin gained a great victory over their army at Tiberias, killing an immense number of the Latins, and taking the king, the Grand-

master of the Templars, and many other persons of distinction, prisoners. Town after town surrendered to the victorious Saracen; and in October 1187, Jerusalem itself, after fourteen days' defence, was obliged to submit to his mercy. The conduct of Saladin on this occasion was more generous than might have been expected. A moderate ransom was fixed for every individual in the population, on the payment of which he should be at liberty to remove with his goods to whatever place he chose. To the prisoners of rank, especially the Christian ladies, Saladin's conduct was courteous in the extreme; so that it became a remark among the Latins of Palestine that Saladin was a barbarian only in name. Nevertheless, the Moslems displayed their sense of triumph in manifestations which grieved and shocked the feelings of the vanquished. The great cross erected by the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was taken down, and dragged in contempt through the streets; the bells of the churches were melted; and the Mosque of Omar was purified from the pollutions to which, in the opinion of the Mohammedans, it had been subjected, by copious sprinklings of the walls and floor with the rose-water of Damascus. Thus, after ninety years, was the Holy City again inhabited by the Infidel, and all the fruits of the first Crusade lost, as it seemed, to the world. The title of King of Jerusalem was solemnly abdicated by Guy de Lusignan in favour of the conqueror, who now possessed the whole of Palestine, with the single exception of the city of Tyre, which was gallantly defended by Conrad, Marquis of Montferrat.

Ho! Europe once more to the Crusades! Such was the cry raised among the nations of Christendom; not now by Peter the Hermit, for the anchorite's bones had for nearly ninety years been laid in the earth; nor by St Bernard, whose eloquence had for half a century been dumb; but by William, archbishop of Tyre, one of the best historians of the Crusades, who, sorrowing and downcast at the calamities of Palestine, had left his see to proceed to Rome and demand help against the Saracen. The intelligence of the loss of Jerusalem is said to have caused the death of Urban IV., who then occupied the papal chair; but under his successor, Gregory VIII., preparations were begun for a third Crusade—a Crusade not undertaken, as the first had been, to defend the right of pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre—for Saladin allowed Christian pilgrims free access to Jerusalem—but to recover the lost kingdom of Jerusalem. To meet the expenses of the enterprise, a tax was imposed by the pope on all classes, including even the clergy, to the amount of one-tenth of their property, landed or personal.

The princes of Europe exhibited the utmost alacrity in preparing for the Crusade, each within his own dominions. Frederick I. of Germany, Philip-Augustus of France, and Richard I. of England, immediately announced their intention of leading armies into Palestine; and the example of these powerful monarchs was followed

by many lesser Italian and German potentates. The first to take the field was the illustrious German emperor. Marching from Ratisbon at the head of a magnificent army in the spring of 1189, he fought his way through the Greek dominions, where the treachery of the eastern emperor tried to arrest him, advanced through Asia Minor, conquering as he went, and was already on the borders of Palestine, when, imprudently bathing while heated in the waters of the Orontes, he was cut off in the seventieth year of his age. His army now suffered greatly from the difficulties of their march, and the attacks of the Saracens. The wrecks of it, however, under Frederick's son, the Duke of Swabia, proved a most valuable reinforcement to the Christians in Syria, who had by this time rallied and combined themselves against the domination of Saladin, laying siege to the city of Acre on the sea-coast—a town of so much importance, that the possession of it was considered almost equivalent to being master of the whole country. Upon this siege, commenced in August 1189, was concentrated all the force at the command of the Christians in Palestine—the remnants of the two great military orders the Templars and the Hospitallers, the survivors of Frederick's army, together with such bodies of Crusaders as were successively arriving from Europe by sea, pressing on in advance of the main armies which Philip of France and Richard of England were to bring. Guy de Lusignan was the commander of the besieging forces; and so skilfully was his camp fortified, that Saladin was unable to dislodge him. For two-and-twenty months the siege had continued, and many engagements had taken place between the Christian army and that of Saladin, which occupied the mountains to the south, but still without any visible advantage on either side.

Such was the position of affairs when, early in the summer of 1191, the French and English monarchs, after longer delay than had been anticipated, arrived with their fleets. Their presence produced an immediate change in the Christian camp at Acre. 'All the chivalry of Europe,' says Mr James, 'were now upon the sandy plain between Acre and the mountains of Carouba—the Templars, the Hospitallers, the knights of France, of England, of Germany, of Italy, of Flanders, and of Burgundy. On the inland hills lay the millions of Saladin, with every accessory of eastern pomp and luxury.' Such were the armies opposed to each other in the months of June and July 1191 at the city of Acre. On the 12th of July 1191, Acre surrendered to the Christians. Had the Crusaders been united among themselves, the fall of this city might have been but preliminary to the recovery of the whole country. The rivalry of the kings of France and England, however, was such as to prevent their cordial co-operation; and not long after the capture of Acre, Philip ruined the cause of the Crusade by returning to Europe. *After gaining many* important successes against Saladin, and earning

for himself the reputation of the most valiant knight of the age, Richard, involved in disputes with the other chiefs of the Crusade, and anxious to revisit England, where his presence was becoming daily more necessary, was glad to conclude an honourable peace. Saladin, on his side, was equally willing to end a struggle which had cost him so much. At a personal interview, says Mr Mills, 'the Christian king and the sultan of Egypt interchanged expressions of esteem; and as the former avowed his contempt of the vulgar obligation of oaths, they only grasped each other's hands in pledge of fidelity. A truce was agreed upon for three years and eight months; the fort of Ascalon was to be destroyed; but Jaffa and Tyre, with the country between them, were to be surrendered to the Christians. The people of the west were also to be at liberty to make pilgrimages to Jerusalem exempt from the taxes which the Saracen princes had in former times imposed.' The Saracen monarch even permitted the establishment of societies of Latin priests in Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Nazareth. Thus at length the crusading armies left Palestine, applauding the knightly virtues of their foe Saladin; while perhaps the strongest impression which the Crusade left on the Saracens was admiration for the valour of *Melech Ric*, as they named Richard of England. On the 25th of October 1192, Richard set sail for Europe. Forced, by stress of weather, to land at Zara, and attempt his journey home through the continent, Richard was arrested in passing through the dominions of his enemy and former fellow-crusader, the Archduke of Austria, and remained in a prison near Vienna for several months. He returned to England in March 1194, and died in 1199. His great antagonist, Saladin, had died in 1193, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, not long after the Crusaders had left Palestine.

FOURTH, FIFTH, SIXTH, AND SEVENTH CRUSADES.

Thus fruitlessly ended the third Crusade. The others were still greater failures, and need be noticed but with the utmost brevity. After Saladin's death, his brother, Saif-Eddin, seized upon Syria, and hostilities recommenced between him and the Christians of Palestine, to whose assistance Europe was constantly despatching bodies of adventurers. On the whole, however, the condition of the Christians was prosperous enough, and no Crusade was necessary. The spirit, however, which prompted to war with the Infidel was still powerful in Europe; and in the year 1203, a new Crusade was set on foot, under the auspices of Pope Innocent III., and commanded by several of the most powerful nobles of Italy and France. Instead of marching at once against the Infidels, the Crusaders suffered themselves to be drawn aside into a contest with the Greek empire. The occasion of this change of purpose was as follows: The Greek emperor, Isaac Angelus, having been deposed

and deprived of his eyes by his own brother, his son Alexius fled to Europe, and petitioned for the assistance of the Latin princes against the usurper, promising, in return, to use his endeavours to promote an incorporation of the Greek with the Latin Church, and to employ all the resources of the Greek empire against the Infidels of Syria. The temptations of such a prospect could not be resisted; the Crusaders marched into Greece, took Constantinople, and established themselves so thoroughly in the empire, that for fifty years it was ruled over by the Franks. The whole force of the fourth Crusade was therefore spent on an object foreign to that for which it had been levied.

The fifth Crusade, which was commanded by Frederick II., emperor of Germany, began in 1228, and terminated in a treaty between the German monarch and the sultan of Egypt, by which the latter, who placed no great value on Palestine, willingly surrendered the greater part of it in exchange for Frederick's friendship. After crowning himself king of Jerusalem, Frederick returned to Europe, leaving Palestine in a state of tranquillity.

The irruption, however, in 1244, of a new race of Turks placed the Holy Land once more in the possession of the Infidel; and a new Crusade was undertaken under the leadership of Louis IX., or St Louis of France, for the purpose of delivering it. The Crusade terminated in the total defeat of the Latins, and the capture of Louis himself by the Egyptian sultan. By the payment of a large ransom, the French king obtained his own liberty and that of the other prisoners, and returned to Europe with the glory of having been a sufferer for his pious enthusiasm. Sixteen years afterwards, he resolved on a second Crusade, and actually set out for the Holy Land; but landing in Africa on his route, he died at Tunis in the year 1270.

England furnished the last great crusading chief in the person of Prince Edward, son of Henry III., and grandson of Cœur de Lion, and who afterwards ascended the throne as Edward I. The young English prince had intended to place himself under the command of Louis IX. of France in his last Crusade; but hearing that the French king had turned aside to make war on the Moors in Africa, he altered his intention, and proceeded at once to Palestine, where his rank and reputation in arms gathered round him all who were willing to fight for the cross. Nothing of consequence, however, was accomplished; and Edward soon returned to England, the last of the Crusaders. Acre, Antioch, and Tripoli still continued in the possession of the Christians, and were defended for some time by the Templars and other military knights; but in 1291, Acre capitulated; the other towns soon followed the example; and the knights were glad to quit the country, and disperse themselves over Europe in quest of new employment, leaving Palestine in the undisturbed possession of the Saracens. For two centuries and a half after the

last Crusade, Palestine continued, with one or two interruptions, to be governed by the Mamaluke sultans of Egypt. Early in the sixteenth century, however, it was conquered by the Turkish sultan, Selim, under whose successors it remained for three centuries, divided, like the other Turkish territories, into provinces, each governed by a pacha. In 1799, Palestine was invaded by the French forces under Bonaparte; and the famous Acre was again besieged, but without effect, the French troops being defeated by the British and Turks under Sir Sidney Smith. Syria and Palestine were wrested in 1832 from the government of the Grand Seignior by Ibrahim Pacha, the son of Mehemet Ali, then ruler of Egypt; but in 1840 the European powers compelled their restoration; and at present the country for which the chivalry of Europe contended for two centuries, has scarcely any government at all.

EFFECTS OF THE CRUSADES.

It would be a mistake to suppose that because the Crusades failed in their immediate object, because they were conducted at an immense expense of human labour and human life, therefore they were without beneficial influence on modern society. By no writer have the effects of the Crusades, their design and function in modern civilisation, been more beautifully explained than by M. Guizot in his admirable *Lectures on European Civilisation.* 'To the first chroniclers,' says M. Guizot, 'and consequently to the first Crusaders, of whom they are but the expression, Mohammedans are objects only of hatred; it is evident that those who speak of them do not know them, or judge them upon proof, but consider them only with the blindness of the religious hostility which exists between them; we discover no trace of any mutual social relation. The historians of the later Crusades speak of the Mussulmans quite differently; although engaged in combating them, it is clear that they look upon them no longer as monsters; that they have, to a certain extent, entered into their ideas; that they have lived with them; and that relations, and even a sort of sympathy, have been established between them.

'Here was the first and main result of the Crusades—a great step towards the enfranchisement of the mind, and a considerable advance towards more extended and unprejudiced ideas. Besides, the Crusader came into relations with two civilisations, not only different, but more advanced—namely, the Greek society on the one hand, and the Mussulman on the other. There can be no doubt but that the Greek society, although its civilisation was emasculated, corrupted, and expiring, had on the Crusaders the operation of a society in a more advanced state, more polished and enlightened than theirs. The Mussulman society offered to them a spectacle of the same nature. It is curious to perceive in the chronicles the

impression that the Crusaders produced upon the Mohammedans: the latter regarded them upon their first approach as barbarians, as the most brutal, ferocious, and stupid mortals it had been their lot to behold. The Crusaders, on their side, were struck with the exhibition of wealth and the refinement of manners amongst the Moslems. Frequent relations between the two people soon succeeded this first impression. The east and the west came to know, to visit, and to mingle with each other.

'Another circumstance deserves to be mentioned. Multitudes of laymen thus enjoyed an opportunity of more narrowly inspecting the policy and manners of the papal court, and of discriminating how much of personal interest was mixed up with religious discussions. There can scarcely be a doubt that this new species of knowledge inspired numerous minds with a hardihood previously undreamed of.

'The social state also had suffered an alteration of an analogous nature. Many proprietors of fiefs were reduced to the necessity of selling them to the kings, or of granting charters to the boroughs for the purpose of raising money and going to the Crusades, and by their mere absence, many lords lost a considerable portion of power. The Crusades, therefore, greatly diminished the number of small fiefs, of petty domains, and of small proprietors, and concentrated property and power into a less number of hands. It is subsequent to the Crusades that we find the great fiefs, the great feudal formations, spread over the face of the country. And even when the small proprietors preserved their fiefs, they ceased to live so isolated as formerly. The possessors of large fiefs became centres, around which the small ones flocked and passed their lives.

'As to the burghers, a result of the same nature is instantly perceptible. The Crusades were the means of creating large towns. Petty inland commerce and industry had been insufficient to form boroughs such as the great towns of Italy and Flanders. Their rise was owing to commerce upon an extensive scale, maritime commerce, and particularly that between the east and the west. Thus it was the Crusades which gave to maritime commerce the strongest impulse it had ever received.

'Upon the whole, when we look to the state of society at the conclusion of the Crusades, we find that that tendency to dispersion and dissolution, that movement to universal localisation, if I may be permitted so to speak, which had preceded that epoch, had ceased, and been replaced by a tendency of a contrary nature, by a movement to centralisation. Everything was disposed for junction and amalgamation. The smaller existences were absorbed in the greater, or grouped around them. In this direction society marched—to this object were its advancements pointed.'

CHRISTOPHER COLOMBO or COLON, better known by his Latinised name of Columbus, was born at Genoa about the year 1436. His father was a woolcomber, in not very affluent circumstances; although connected, according to some accounts, with persons of superior rank. Columbus was the eldest of a family of four. His two brothers, Bartholomew and Diego, will afterwards be mentioned in connection with his discoveries; his sister married an obscure person of the name of Bavarello.

Of the early life of Columbus, very little is known. Considering the habits of the age and the condition of his parents, he appears to have received a good education. While yet a mere child, he learned

reading, writing, and arithmetic; he was also such a proficient in drawing and painting, that, according to one of his biographers, he could have earned a livelihood by them. At an early age, he went to the university of Padua, in Lombardy, then a celebrated school of learning. Here he acquired the Latin language, and devoted himself with zeal to the study of mathematics in all its branches, especially those connected with geography and navigation, towards which he seems to have been drawn from the first by an irresistible propensity. His stay at Padua cannot have been long, for in his fourteenth year he returned to his father's house in Genoa, where he is said to have pursued for some time the occupation of wool-combing. This, however, was far from his taste; and he made choice of the seafaring profession. Genoa being at that time one of the greatest commercial cities in the world, the enthusiasm for maritime enterprise was universal amongst its inhabitants. A historian of the period speaks of the proneness of the Genoese youth to wander through the world in quest of riches, which they intended to return with and spend in their native city: few, however, he says, were able to carry their intention into effect—not one in ten of those who left Genoa ever revisiting it. Of these adventurous youths, whose ambition to be sailors was nursed by the sight of the merchant-vessels landing their rich freights on the quays of Genoa, Columbus was one; and, as we have already seen, his education was suitable for the mode of life he had chosen.

At fourteen years of age, Columbus left Genoa in the humble capacity of a sailor-boy on board a Mediterranean trader; and for many years, at first as a common sailor, and latterly as master of a vessel, he appears to have sailed along the Mediterranean from the Levant to Gibraltar, possibly also undertaking an occasional voyage to some of the northern countries of Europe, with which the Genoese merchants may have had dealings. In this undistinguished course of life he passed his youth; and he does not come prominently into notice till he settled in Lisbon in 1470, when he was thirty-four years of age. At this period, he is described as being above the middle size, and of strong muscular frame. His visage was long; his nose aquiline; his eyes of a bluish gray; his complexion fair, but somewhat inflamed. His hair in youth was reddish, but before he was thirty years of age, it had turned quite white. His habits were simple; his manners grave and affable; his temper, which was naturally irritable, he had subdued by the force of his will; and in his attention to the observances of religion, he was devout and enthusiastic. His acquirements were far beyond what might have been expected in one whose life had been spent at sea. Besides being a skilful navigator, he was well informed in astronomy, geography, and all the general science of the age; and while on shore, his leisure appears to have been spent in studying such scientific works as were within his reach. A marriage which he contracted

about this period seems to have had some effect in determining his subsequent career. The lady to whom he became attached was Felipa de Palestrello, the daughter of Bartolemeo de Palestrello, an Italian who had distinguished himself as a navigator in the Portuguese service. Marrying this young lady, Columbus obtained from her mother all the charts, journals, and memoranda of her late husband, the possession of which was a treasure to him. After his marriage, he lived for many years as a humble citizen of Lisbon, earning a livelihood for himself and family by constructing maps and charts, or by making an occasional voyage in a Portuguese vessel to the Guinea coast, then the ultimate limit of African navigation.

Columbus seems to have acted from deliberate choice in making Lisbon his place of residence. In no city in the world would the demand be so great at that time for maps and charts, or for persons skilled in any of the arts connected with navigation. Portugal had taken the lead of all the nations of Europe in maritime enterprise; and for upwards of twenty years, all the great discoveries which had been made by navigators of new coasts or islands had been effected under the auspices of the Portuguese government. The moving spirit in this career of enterprise was Prince Henry of Portugal, a man of large views and studious habits, who was still alive when Columbus took up his residence in Lisbon. The ruling idea of Prince Henry's mind was to find out a new route to the East Indies by sailing round Africa. Proceeding upon some vague traditions, that in ancient times one navigator sailing from the Red Sea had arrived at Gibraltar, and another sailing from Gibraltar had arrived at the shores of Arabia, Prince Henry had instituted inquiries with a view to ascertain whether Africa were really circumnavigable; and having convinced himself that such was the case, he had resolutely persevered in making the experiment. Allured by the encouragements which he held out, able geographers and navigators had flocked to Lisbon from all parts of the world, and such was the success of their efforts, that although the great feat of circumnavigating Africa still remained unaccomplished, vessels had at length entered the tropics, long regarded as impassable to man; the Atlantic had been explored as far as the Gulf of Guinea and the Canary and Cape Verd Islands. The most important effects, however, of Prince Henry's labours were the training up of a school of hardy navigators, the improvement of the art of seamanship, and the enthusiasm which was instantly awakened in all the governments of Europe for the discovery of new lands. Columbus, in removing to Lisbon, may possibly have hoped for some employment from Prince Henry; but in this he was disappointed, as the prince died not long after, in the year 1473. He left it as his dying charge to his countrymen, to persevere in the attempt to reach India by the southern extremity of Africa.

Circumstances conspired to develop Columbus's natural taste for nautical enterprise. His occupation as a drawer of maps and charts brought him into communication with many eminent persons of that time; among others, Paulo Toscanelli of Florence, a celebrated geographer. This occupation, too, was a lucrative and most respectable one, as we may learn from the fact, that a sum of one hundred and thirty ducats, equal to about as many pounds of our money, was paid for a map of sea and land made at Mallorca in 1439; and that an Italian friar, named Mauro, having constructed a universal map esteemed particularly accurate, had a medal struck in his honour by the Venetians. The best result, however, of Columbus's labours in drawing maps was, that he thereby became acquainted with the small extent of that part of the earth's surface known to geographers and navigators, as compared with the conjectural extent of the whole. This fact appears to have made a deep impression on his mind, and to have been the germ of his future speculations. It was not long, however, before the idea began to assume a more definite shape. Like all the navigators of the time, he was full of the notion of discovering a new route to India, Cathay, or Cipango—the land of gold and diamonds, and spices—which was supposed to lie in the east of Asia, and respecting which the most gorgeous fancies were entertained. There was this difference, however, between the speculations of Columbus and other navigators as to this imaginary route to India, that while they universally followed Prince Henry in supposing that it was to be sought by sailing round Africa, he was employed in considering the possibility of effecting the same object by sailing due west across the Atlantic. This most original idea was fully formed in Columbus's mind before the year 1474.

The globular form of the earth had been for a considerable time known to all scientific men, and various calculations had been made as to its probable size. On this latter point, all were at fault, the general supposition being, that the globe was much smaller than it is. Columbus, in pondering on its imaginary magnitude, arrived at the conviction, that the Atlantic was a comparatively narrow sea, and that if any one were to push boldly across it, he would inevitably reach the shores of India. These ideas were confirmed by the various rumours which prevailed of lands existing in the Atlantic to the west of Africa. Plato's fabled island of Atalantis was supposed to be a real country lying in that quarter. There were many traditionary recollections of mariners having been cast upon unknown shores when driven far out to sea by the violence of a storm. There were legends also of adventurers who had embarked in ships in the northern countries of Europe, and gone to seek homes across the Atlantic; and of fugitive bishops and priests, who, to escape persecution in their own country, had committed themselves to the waves, and been conducted by the hand of Providence to fertile and happy islands to the west of the Azores. Moreover, certain

circumstances had come within Columbus's own knowledge, which seemed to argue the existence of land in that direction. Martin Vicenti, a pilot in the Portuguese service, had picked up a piece of carved wood floating in the ocean four hundred and fifty leagues west of St Vincent, which, as the wind was westerly, he concluded must have come from some land opposite to Africa. Columbus's brother-in-law, Pedro Correa, had seen a similar piece of wood, which had drifted across the ocean from the same quarter; and had also heard of large canes seen floating on the waves west of Madeira, apparently resembling the reeds known to be produced in the East Indies. It was likewise reported that, when the wind had blown long from the west, trunks of huge pine-trees were often cast ashore upon the Azores; and that once two dead bodies, evidently the corpses neither of Europeans nor Africans, were driven upon the beach of the island of Flores.

All these and many other arguments convinced Columbus that the East Indies could be reached by sailing westward from Gibraltar, or the western coast of Africa. Every circumstance corroborative of this view which came to his knowledge he diligently noted down; and at last the conviction became so strong, that he conceived himself to be expressly destined by God for the great work of discovering a new world. No doubt a hesitation remained in his mind; and his only wish was to find the means of making the contemplated voyage. Once launched upon the Atlantic, he was absolutely certain that, after having sailed seven or eight hundred leagues to the west of the Canaries, he would come upon Marco Polo's island of Cipango, or the dominions of the great khan of Tartary.

Impressed with these delusive convictions, Columbus was eager to make application to some of the governments of Europe for means to make a voyage of discovery on the Atlantic. He first applied to John II., king of Portugal, who inherited the enterprising spirit of his grand-uncle Prince Henry, and in whose reign the means of finding the latitude at sea had been discovered. Columbus, without much difficulty, obtained an interview with the Portuguese monarch, to whom he explained his scheme of reaching the East Indies, not by the route round Africa, which all other navigators were pursuing, but by a shorter one across the Atlantic. Various accounts are given of the manner in which the proposal was received. John himself was a wise and magnanimous prince, and he appears to have been much impressed by the earnestness of the noble-looking foreigner who addressed him. Naturally cautious, however, of patronising an enterprise which might turn out to be a mere chimera, he referred the matter to some of his counsellors, who dissuaded him from engaging in it. Still, such was the effect of Columbus's representations, that John did not at once dismiss the project; on the contrary, by a piece of meanness not agreeing with his general character, he followed the advice of some of his counsellors, and

having, on false pretences, procured from Columbus a detailed plan of his contemplated voyage, with maps and charts to correspond, he secretly despatched a vessel to ascertain the practicability of the intended route. The vessel actually sailed a considerable way beyond the Cape Verd Islands; but a storm arising, the crew became afraid to venture farther, and put back, reporting that Columbus's notion was mad and irrational.

Indignant at this unjust treatment, Columbus, whose wife had for some time been dead, secretly left Lisbon, taking with him his young son Diego. The reason for his leaving the city secretly is said by some to have been the fear of being prevented by the government; by others, the fear of being apprehended for debts which he was unable to pay. Proceeding to his native city of Genoa, he renewed an offer which he had previously made by letter, of conducting the enterprise under the patronage of the Genoese government—an offer which was contemptuously refused, Genoa being already in the decline of her fortunes, and too broken-spirited to engage in any more bold enterprises. It is said that Columbus's next offer was made to the Venetian government; which, however, is improbable. The usual account, also, of his sending his brother Bartholomew at this time to England to propose the scheme to Henry VII., is incorrect: it was not till the year 1488, when the negotiations with Spain had begun, that Bartholomew proceeded to England on this errand.

COLUMBUS'S NEGOTIATIONS IN SPAIN.

Spain was the country to which Columbus looked with the greatest hope after the rejection of his scheme by Portugal. No country at that time occupied the attention of Europe so much as Spain. By the marriage of Ferdinand II. of Aragon with Isabella of Castile, the whole of the peninsula, except Portugal, had been consolidated into one powerful kingdom. Ruling separately over their distinct territories—the wise, cold, and wary Ferdinand over his subjects of Aragon, and the generous and high-souled Isabella over hers of Castile—the two made it their common endeavour to promote the glory of Spain, and raise its reputation as one of the first powers of Christendom. They were at this time engaged in a war with Granada, the last of the Moorish kingdoms in Spain; and all their energies were occupied in the accomplishment of what was then regarded a noble and chivalrous enterprise—the entire expulsion of the Moors from the peninsula. Spain, accordingly, was then the land of daring deeds, and hither our poor Italian resolved to bend his steps, with the scheme of a new world.

In Sevilla, one of the most southern of the Spanish provinces, and next to Granada, is an insignificant little seaport of the name of Palos de Moguer. At a little distance from this village stood,

and we believe still stands, a Franciscan convent dedicated to Santa Marie de Rabida. One day, late in the year 1485, a stranger on foot, accompanied by a little boy, stopped at the convent gate and begged a little bread and water for his child. The stranger was of a noble aspect, venerable from his white hairs, and interesting from his foreign accent. While the porter of the convent was supplying him with what he had asked, the prior, Juan Perez de Marchena, chanced to pass, and, struck with the stranger's appearance, he entered into conversation with him. The stranger informed him that his name was Columbus, and that, with his son, he was on his way to the neighbouring town of Huelva, where his brother-in-law resided. Inviting him into the convent, the prior soon learned the rest of his story; and instantly conceiving a wonderful affection for the extraordinary man whom Providence had thus cast in his way, he insisted on his taking up his residence with him until a fit time should arrive for proceeding to the court of the Spanish sovereigns. Himself a man of information and ability, Juan Perez entered heartily into Columbus's views, and sent for such scientific persons in the neighbourhood as he thought would be able to form a judgment on the matter. Here, in the midst of a little club of listeners, gathered in the evenings in the comfortable apartment of the prior, did Columbus produce his charts and expound his project in the winter of 1485-6; and long afterwards, in the height of his fame, did the great navigator remember Juan Perez, his first kind friend in Spain.

Early in the year 1486, Columbus set out for Cordova, where the Spanish court then resided, making preparations for a spring campaign against the Moors of Granada. He left his son Diego under the charge of the worthy prior, who, to add to his other kindnesses, furnished him with a letter of introduction to Fernando de Talavera, prior of Prado, and confessor of Queen Isabella—a man, therefore, of some importance, and likely to be of use to him. The letter proved of small avail; either Juan Perez had overrated his influence with so great a personage as Talavera, or Talavera was too busy to pay any attention to the poor Italian enthusiast who was introduced to him. Neither Columbus nor his project appears to have been mentioned to the Spanish sovereigns; and the campaign against the Moors having commenced, there was no hope of his obtaining an interview with them for some time. While the court was thus shifting about, Columbus remained in Cordova, supporting himself, as before, by his skill in designing maps. Here also his worth, his noble appearance, and the modest enthusiasm of his manners, gained him many kind friends, through whom he made the acquaintance of Mendoza, Archbishop of Toledo, and Grand Cardinal of Spain. Mendoza, after being satisfied that there was something more in Columbus's project than a mere vague fancy, procured him an audience with Ferdinand and Isabella. The able Ferdinand instantly

perceived the propriety of at least inquiring into the scheme which was proposed to him; he therefore referred the matter to Fernando de Talavera, the above-mentioned prior, to whom Columbus had already been introduced—instructing him to hold a council of the most learned geographers and scientific men to examine and report on the plan submitted by Columbus.

Few meetings ever held are more interesting to us now than the great meeting of scientific men held in the convent of St Stephen, at Salamanca, to investigate into the feasibility of Columbus's project of reaching the East Indies by sailing due west. There were assembled all the sages of Spain, professors of astronomy, geography, and mathematics, most of them churchmen, together with a number of learned friars and ecclesiastical dignitaries in their robes; and in the midst of them all stood a simple mariner of Genoa, ready to explain his scheme and answer questions. A great majority seem to have been prepossessed against Columbus from the beginning, arguing that of necessity he must be wrong, seeing that it was not in the nature of things that one man could know better about such matters than all the rest of the world. Others, however, favoured him so far as to be ready at least to enter into argument with him. The arguments produced against him were of the strangest kind—a mixture of crude science with religious dogmas —quotations from Scripture interpreted in the oddest manner; together with extracts from the Greek and Latin Fathers. To all the objections urged, Columbus answered with firmness and modesty, failing, however, as may be supposed, to convince men against long-cherished prejudice, backed by an erroneous interpretation of Scripture.

The deliberations of the assembly were interrupted by the departure of the court from Cordova in the spring of 1487. No answer had as yet been given to Columbus with respect to his project; on the whole, however, there seemed little hope of a favourable one. The next five years were occupied by the Spanish sovereigns in the war against Granada, so that they had no leisure to enter personally into a consideration of the merits of the proposal made to them by the Genoese navigator. During all that time, Columbus waited patiently, generally residing at Cordova, where, it is said, the children in the streets used to point to their foreheads as he passed, bidding each other look at the mad Italian; sometimes, however, following the court in its journeys from place to place, and even taking part in the sieges and battles in which the Spanish troops were engaged. His hopes seem to have alternately risen and sunk during these five years. In the year 1488, he appears to have despaired of a favourable issue to his application; for in that year he despatched his brother Bartholomew Columbus to England to make an offer of his project to Henry VII. Unfortunately, Bartholomew was captured by pirates on the voyage, and was not able to reach England for some years,

otherwise Spain might have been for ever deprived of the advantages offered her; for when the scheme was ultimately proposed to Henry VII., he embraced it more warmly than any monarch to whom it had been broached before. In the same year, 1488, Columbus received a letter from the king of Portugal, inviting him to return to that country; but he refused the invitation.

In the winter of 1491, when the Spanish monarchs were about to commence their last Moorish campaign, Columbus received an answer to his frequent applications. He was informed that the expenses of the war prevented the sovereigns from engaging at present in any new enterprise, but that, when the war was over, his scheme would be again considered. This was most disheartening to one who had waited so long. Already advanced in years, he began to fear that death would overtake him before he had obtained the means of accomplishing his design. He resolved to quit Spain. Before doing so, however, he offered his scheme to two of the Spanish nobles, whose wealth and importance made them almost independent princes —the Duke of Medina Sidonia and the Duke of Medina Celi. Both, after some delay, refused to engage in the project, as too ambitious for any but a great sovereign. Columbus therefore hesitated no longer, but prepared to go to France, where he anticipated a more favourable reception. Before setting out, he proceeded to the convent at Palos, to visit his friend Juan Perez, and to bring away his son Diego, whom, with his other son, Fernando, he intended to leave at Cordova. When his old friend the prior saw Columbus once more at the gate of his monastery, after several years of vain solicitation at court, he was deeply affected. He entreated him by all means to remain in the country. He had been father-confessor to the queen, and thought he might still exercise an influence over her mind. He accordingly proceeded to Santa Fé, where the sovereigns were in person superintending the siege of the capital of Granada. Perez obtained a ready access to the queen. He laid before her the propositions of Columbus with freedom and eloquence. Isabella was moved with the grandeur of the project. The principles upon which it was founded, the advantages that would result from its success, and the glory it would shed upon Spain, were for the first time represented to her in their true colours. She promised her patronage to the undertaking. Columbus was summoned to court, and 20,000 maravedis, equivalent to upwards of £40 of our money, were sent to him to pay his travelling expenses; and he arrived in time to witness the memorable surrender of Granada to the Spanish arms. It was now only necessary to agree upon the terms of the proposed enterprise. Columbus would listen only to princely conditions. A meaner spirit, after years of unsuccessful toil, poverty, and disappointment, would have been glad to secure the assistance of the sovereigns on such arrangements as their own liberality might dictate. But Columbus stipulated his own rewards and honours, and

would consent to no other. He demanded them as if he were already successful, and aware of the extent and importance of his discoveries. In consequence of his resoluteness in adhering to these demands, the negotiation was once more broken off; and Columbus, mounting his mule, left Santa Fé, resolved never to return. He was within two leagues of Granada, when a courier overtook him, and brought him back. The court now agreed that he should be admiral on the ocean, and enjoy all the privileges and honours allowed to the High Admiral of Castile; that he should be governor over all the countries he might discover; and that he should reserve to himself one-tenth of all pearls, precious stones, gold, silver, and articles of merchandise, in whatever manner obtained, within his admiralty. They also allowed that he should appoint judges in all parts of Spain trading to those countries; and that on this voyage, and at all other times, he should contribute an eighth part of the expense, and receive an eighth part of the profits. These articles of agreement were signed by Ferdinand and Isabella at the city of Santa Fé on the 17th of April 1492.

Preparations for the voyage were now commenced in good earnest. The port of Palos de Moguer, already mentioned, was fixed as the place where the armament should be fitted out. Royal orders were issued to the magistrates of Palos to have three caravels in readiness, and somewhat arbitrary measures were had recourse to for the purpose of obtaining crews. As soon as the nature of the enterprise became known, the little town of Palos was in an uproar: the owners of vessels refused to lend them; and the boldest seamen absconded, lest they should be pressed into such a service. Columbus had repaired to the spot; but all his exertions were unavailing; neither vessels nor crews could be got. At length a rich and adventurous navigator, named Alonzo Pinzon, came forward, and interested himself very strenuously in the expedition. His assistance was effectual. He owned vessels, and had many seamen in his employ, and consequently possessed great influence. He and his brother, Vicente Pinzon, determined to take commands, and sail with Columbus. Their example had a great effect; they persuaded their relations and friends to embark with them; and the vessels were ready for sea within a month after they had thus engaged in their equipment.

After all, the armament was miserably ill proportioned to the grandeur of the enterprise. Only one of the three vessels was full-decked. The other two, says Washington Irving, 'were light barques, called caravels, not superior to river and coasting craft of more modern days. They are delineated as open, and without deck in the centre; but built up high at the prow and stern, with forecastles and cabins for the accommodation of the crew. The largest vessel was called the *Santa Maria:* on board of this, Columbus hoisted his flag. The second, called the *Pinta*, was commanded by Martin Alonzo Pinzon, accompanied by his brother, Francisco Martin, as

pilot. The third, called the *Nina*, had lateen sails, and was commanded by the third of the brothers, Vicente Yanez Pinzon.' The crews, including Columbus, the three Pinzons, three other pilots, several royal officials, a physician and a surgeon, some private adventurers with their servants, and ninety sailors, amounted in all to one hundred and twenty persons.

Thus, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, after innumerable efforts and disappointments, and at least eighteen years after he had matured his project in his own mind, did Columbus find his wishes gratified, by being placed at the head of an armament bound on a voyage through the hitherto unexplored Atlantic. He still laboured under the delusion that the lands he would reach by sailing in that direction would be the East Indies—the golden regions lying in the eastern extremity of Asia, and described in such glowing colours by Marco Polo. So firm was he in this belief, that he was furnished by Ferdinand and Isabella with letters to be delivered to the great khan of Tartary. It ought to be mentioned also, as characteristic of the times, and of the almost wildly enthusiastic genius of Columbus, that he had all along cherished the design of devoting the wealth which should be acquired from his discoveries to the object of rescuing the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem from the hands of the Infidels.

THE VOYAGE.

On the 2d of August 1492, Columbus and all his companions marched in solemn procession to the monastery of Rabida to confess their sins, obtain absolution, and implore the blessing of God on their expedition. The account of this deeply interesting voyage may be best given in the elegant language of Robertson.

'On Friday, the 3d day of August 1492, Columbus set sail, a little before sunrise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to Heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished rather than expected. Columbus steered directly for the Canary Islands, and arrived there (August 13) without any occurrence that would have deserved notice on any other occasion. But in a voyage of such expectation and importance, every circumstance was the object of attention. The rudder of the *Pinta* broke loose the day after she left the harbour; and that accident alarmed the crew, no less superstitious than unskilful, as a certain omen of the unfortunate destiny of the expedition. Even in the short run to the Canaries, the ships were found to be so crazy and ill appointed, as to be very improper for a navigation which was expected to be both long and dangerous. Columbus refitted them, however, to the best of his power; and having supplied himself with fresh provisions, he took his departure from Gomera, one of the most westerly of the Canary Islands, on the 6th day of September.

'Here the voyage of discovery may properly be said to begin; for Columbus, holding his course due west, left immediately the usual track of navigation, and stretched into unfrequented and unknown seas. The first day, as it was very calm, he made but little way; but on the second, he lost sight of the Canaries; and many of the sailors, dejected already and dismayed, when they contemplated the boldness of the undertaking, began to beat their breasts and to shed tears, as if they were never more to behold land. Columbus comforted them with assurances of success, and the prospect of vast wealth in those opulent regions whither he was conducting them. This early discovery of the spirit of his followers taught Columbus that he must prepare to struggle not only with the unavoidable difficulties which might be expected from the nature of his undertaking, but with such as were likely to arise from the ignorance and timidity of the people under his command; and he perceived that the art of governing the minds of men would be no less requisite for accomplishing the discoveries which he had in view, than naval skill and undaunted courage. Happily for himself, and for the country by which he was employed, he joined to the ardent temper and inventive genius of a projector, virtues of another species which are rarely united with them. He possessed a thorough knowledge of mankind, an insinuating address, a patient perseverance in executing any plan, the perfect government of his own passions, and the talent of acquiring an ascendant over those of other men. All these qualities, which formed him for command, were accompanied with that superior knowledge of his profession which begets confidence in times of difficulty and danger. To unskilful Spanish sailors, accustomed only to coasting-voyages in the Mediterranean, the maritime science of Columbus—the fruit of thirty years' experience, improved by an acquaintance with all the inventions of the Portuguese—appeared immense. As soon as they put to sea, he regulated everything by his sole authority; he superintended the execution of every order; and allowing himself only a few hours for sleep, he was at all other times upon deck. As his course lay through seas which had not formerly been visited, the sounding-line, or instruments for observation, were continually in his hands. After the example of the Portuguese discoverers, he attended to the motion of tides and currents, watched the flight of birds, the appearance of fishes, of sea-weeds, and of everything that floated on the waves; and entered every occurrence with a minute exactness in the journal which he kept. As the length of the voyage could not fail of alarming sailors habituated only to short excursions, Columbus endeavoured to conceal from them the real progress which they made. With this view, though they ran eighteen leagues on the second day after they left Gomera, he gave out that they had advanced only fifteen; and he uniformly employed the same artifice of reckoning short during the whole voyage. By the 14th of September, the fleet was above two

hundred leagues to the west of the Canary Islands, at a greater distance from land than any Spaniard had been before that time. There they were struck with an appearance no less astonishing than new. They observed that the magnetic needle in their compasses did not point exactly to the polar star, but varied towards the west; and as they proceeded, this variation increased. This appearance, which is now familiar—though it still remains one of the mysteries of nature, into the cause of which the sagacity of man hath not been able to penetrate—filled the companions of Columbus with terror. They were now in a boundless and unknown ocean, far from the usual course of navigation; nature itself seemed to be altered, and the only guide which they had left was about to fail them. Columbus, with no less quickness than ingenuity, invented a reason for this appearance, which, though it did not satisfy himself, seemed so plausible to them, that it dispelled their fears or silenced their murmurs.

'He still continued to steer due west, nearly in the same latitude with the Canary Islands. In this course he came within the sphere of the trade-wind, which blows invariably from east to west between the tropics and a few degrees beyond them. He advanced before this steady gale with such uniform rapidity, that it was seldom necessary to shift a sail. When about four hundred leagues to the west of the Canaries, he found the sea so covered with weeds that it resembled a meadow of vast extent, and in some places they were so thick as to retard the motion of the vessels. This strange appearance occasioned new alarm and disquiet. The sailors imagined that they were now arrived at the utmost boundary of the navigable ocean; that these floating weeds would obstruct their farther progress, and concealed dangerous rocks, or some large tract of land, which had sunk, they knew not how, in that place. Columbus endeavoured to persuade them that what had alarmed ought rather to have encouraged them, and was to be considered as a sign of approaching land. At the same time a brisk gale arose and carried them forward. Several birds were seen hovering about the ship, and directing their flight towards the west. The desponding crew resumed some degree of spirit, and began to entertain fresh hopes.

'Upon the 1st of October they were, according to the admiral's reckoning, seven hundred and seventy leagues to the west of the Canaries; but, lest his men should be intimidated by the prodigious length of the navigation, he gave out that they had proceeded only five hundred and eighty-four leagues; and, fortunately for Columbus, neither his own pilot nor those of the other ships had skill sufficient to correct this error, and discover the deceit. They had now been above three weeks at sea; they had proceeded far beyond what former navigators had attempted or deemed possible; all their prognostics of discovery, drawn from the flight of birds and other circumstances, had proved fallacious; the appearances of land, with which their own credulity or the artifice of their commander had

from time to time flattered and amused them, had been altogether illusive; and their prospect of success seemed now to be as distant as ever. These reflections occurred often to men who had no other object or occupation than to reason and discourse concerning the intention and circumstances of their expedition. They made impression at first upon the ignorant and timid; and, extending by degrees to such as were better informed or more resolute, the contagion spread at length from ship to ship. From secret whispers or murmurings, they proceeded to open cabals and public complaints. They taxed their sovereign with inconsiderate credulity in paying such regard to the vain promises and rash conjectures of an indigent foreigner, as to hazard the lives of so many of her own subjects in prosecuting a chimerical scheme. They affirmed that they had fully performed their duty, by venturing so far in an unknown and hopeless course, and could incur no blame for refusing to follow any longer a desperate adventurer to certain destruction. They contended that it was necessary to think of returning to Spain while their crazy vessels were still in a condition to keep the sea; but expressed their fears that the attempt would prove vain, as the wind, which had hitherto been so favourable to their course, must render it impossible to sail in the opposite direction. All agreed that Columbus should be compelled by force to adopt a measure on which their common safety depended. Some of the more audacious proposed, as the most expeditious and certain method for getting rid at once of his remonstrances, to throw him into the sea, being persuaded that, upon their return to Spain, the death of an unsuccessful projector would excite little concern, and be inquired into with no curiosity.

'Columbus was fully sensible of his perilous situation. He had observed with great uneasiness the fatal operation of ignorance and of fear in producing disaffection among his crew, and saw that it was now ready to burst out into open mutiny. He retained, however, perfect presence of mind. He affected to seem ignorant of their machinations. Notwithstanding the agitation and solicitude of his own mind, he appeared with a cheerful countenance, like a man satisfied with the progress he had made, and confident of success. Sometimes he employed all the arts of insinuation to soothe his men. Sometimes he endeavoured to work upon their ambition or avarice, by magnificent descriptions of the fame and wealth which they were about to acquire. On other occasions he assumed a tone of authority, and threatened them with vengeance from their sovereign if, by their dastardly behaviour, they should defeat this noble effort to promote the glory of God and to exalt the Spanish name above that of every other nation. Even with seditious sailors the words of a man whom they had been accustomed to reverence were weighty and persuasive, and not only restrained them from those violent excesses which they meditated, but prevailed with them to accompany their admiral for some time longer.

'As they proceeded, the indications of approaching land seemed to be more certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making towards the south-west. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of their discoveries by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west towards that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But, after holding on for several days in this new direction, without any better success than formerly, having seen no object during thirty days but the sea and the sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen; their fears revived with additional force; impatience, rage, and despair appeared in every countenance. All sense of subordination was lost. The officers, who had hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about and to return to Europe. Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which, having been tried so often, had lost their effect; and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe measures to quell a mutiny so general and so violent. It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him and obey his command for three days longer; and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain.

'Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again towards their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable. Nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising, that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding-line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the *Pinta* observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the *Nina* took up the branch of a tree with red berries, perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was milder and warmer; and during night, the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land, that on the evening of the 11th of October, after public prayers

for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes; all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had been so long the object of their wishes.

'About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Guttierez, a page of the queen's wardrobe. Guttierez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight, the joyful sound of "Land! land!" was heard from the *Pinta*, which kept always ahead of the other ships. But having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned [October 12], all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the *Pinta* instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conceptions of all former ages.

'As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colours displayed, with warlike music and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot in the new world which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and, prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took

solemn possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.

'The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed in silent admiration upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the waters with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror, that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children from the sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

'The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb, and shrub, and tree was different from those which flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to the Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of nature—entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncurled, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses around their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth. Their complexion was of a dusky copper colour; their features singular, rather than disagreeable; their aspect gentle and timid. Though not tall, they were well shaped and active. Their faces, and several parts of their body, were fantastically painted with glaring colours. They were shy at first through fear, but soon became familiar with the Spaniards; and with transports of joy received from them hawks' bells, glass beads, or other baubles, in return for which they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn, the only commodity of value that they could produce. Towards evening, Columbus returned to his ship, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called canoes; and though rudely formed out of the trunk of a tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity. Thus, in the first interview between the inhabitants of the Old and New Worlds, everything was conducted amicably, and to their mutual satisfaction. The former, enlightened and ambitious, formed already vast ideas with respect to the advantages which they might derive from the regions that began to open to their view. The latter, simple and undiscerning, had no foresight of the calamities and desolation which were approaching their country.'

Columbus called the island which he had discovered San Salvador. It was one of the group now known as the Bahamas, and has usually been identified with Guanahani or Cat Island; but geographers are now inclined to give the honour to Watling's Island, another of the group, lying a little to the east. 'It is situated above

three thousand miles to the west of Gomera, from which the squadron took its departure, and only four degrees to the south of it; so little had Columbus deviated from the westerly course which he had chosen as the most proper.'

CRUISE IN THE WEST INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO—DISCOVERY OF CUBA AND HAYTI—RETURN TO SPAIN.

Columbus imagined that the island he had thus discovered, and others which could be seen from it, belonged to the archipelago which, according to Marco Polo, lay east of the Asiatic continent. He resolved, therefore, to remain no longer at San Salvador, but to sail in the direction in which he conceived the mainland to lie. When he asked the natives, by signs, where they obtained the gold, of which most of them wore thin plates attached to their nostrils by way of ornament, they invariably pointed to the south. To the south, therefore, he determined to prosecute his voyage, not doubting but that the region which the natives pointed to must be Cathay or Cipango. Accordingly, after spending one day at San Salvador, he directed his course through the midst of that multitudinous cluster of islands now called the Bahamas, convinced, as he gazed at their green and luxuriant foliage, that these must be the 'seven thousand four hundred and fifty-eight islands abounding with spices and odoriferous trees,' which Marco Polo described as filling the Chinese Sea. He landed at three of the largest, and gave them names. Here the appearance of the ships and the Spaniards produced the same astonishment among the natives as at San Salvador. Receiving to his inquiries after gold the same invariable answer, that it lay to the south, he pushed on through group after group of islands, and at last, on the 28th of October, came in sight of Cuba. The appearance of this noble island as he approached it, its high mountains, its spreading forests, its broad rivers, made him uncertain whether it might not be part of the great continent he was in search of. 'He entered the mouth of a large river with his squadron, and all the inhabitants fled to the mountains as he approached the shore. But as he resolved to careen his ships in that place, he sent some Spaniards, together with one of the people of San Salvador, to view the interior part of the country. They, having advanced above sixty miles from the shore, reported, upon their return, that the soil was richer and more cultivated than any they had hitherto discovered; that, besides many scattered cottages, they had found one village containing above a thousand inhabitants; that the people, though naked, seemed to be more intelligent than those of San Salvador, but had treated them with the same respectful attention, kissing their feet, and honouring them as sacred beings allied to heaven; that they had given them to eat a certain root, the taste of which resembled roasted chestnuts, and likewise a singular species of corn

called maize, which, either when roasted whole or ground into meal, was abundantly palatable; that there seemed to be no four-footed animals in the country but a species of dog, which could not bark, and a creature resembling a rabbit, but of a much smaller size; that they had observed some ornaments of gold among the people, but of no great value.' Here also, for the first time, the Spaniards saw the use of a weed which has since become a pernicious luxury on this side of the Atlantic.

Columbus was particularly anxious to ascertain whether the country he had now reached belonged to the Indian continent. From the rude civilisation which he saw around him, the ill-constructed huts, the want of clothing among the natives, &c. he knew that he was still at some distance from the territories of the great khan, covered with finely-built cities, and abounding in gold and spices; but he imagined that Cuba might be the extremity of that part of the continent where the expected territories lay. Full of this delusion, he eagerly seized on every little circumstance which seemed to confirm it. When the natives spoke of *Cubanacan* as the place where the gold was to be found, meaning by that the central district of Cuba, he fancied that they were speaking of the country of *Kubla Khan*, one of the great potentates mentioned by Marco Polo. At length, however, after cruising along the coast for nearly a fortnight without approaching the confines of the desired country, he altered his course to the east-south-east, intending to sail for an island called Hayti, to which the natives directed him as a place where gold was more plentiful than with them. The fleet left Cuba on the 12th of November, having on board some of the natives, who were to act as guides. On their way thither, 'Martin Alonzo Pinzon, impatient to be the first who should take possession of the treasures which this country was supposed to contain, quitted his companions, regardless of all the admiral's signals to slacken sail until they should come up with him. Columbus, retarded by contrary winds, did not reach Hayti till the 6th of December. He called the port where he first touched at St Nicholas, and the island itself Espagnola, in honour of the kingdom by which he was employed; and it is the only country of those he had yet discovered which has retained the name that he gave it. As he could neither meet with the *Pinta*, nor have any intercourse with the inhabitants, who fled in great consternation towards the woods, he soon quitted St Nicholas; and, sailing along the northern coast of the island, he entered another harbour, which he called Conception. Here he was more fortunate: his people overtook a woman who was flying from them, and, after treating her with great gentleness, dismissed her with a present of such toys as they knew were most valued in those regions. The description which she gave to her countrymen of the humanity and wonderful qualities of the strangers, their admiration of the trinkets, which she shewed with exultation, and their eagerness to participate

of the same favours, removed all their fears, and induced many of them to repair to the harbour. The strange objects which they beheld, and the baubles which Columbus bestowed upon them, amply gratified their curiosity and their wishes. They nearly resembled the people of Guanahani and Cuba. Like them, they were naked, ignorant, and simple; and seemed to be equally unacquainted with all the arts which appear most necessary in polished societies: but they were gentle, credulous, and timid to a degree which rendered it easy to acquire the ascendency over them, especially as their excessive admiration led them into the same error with the people of the other islands, in believing the Spaniards to be more than mortals, and descended immediately from heaven. They possessed gold in greater abundance than their neighbours, which they readily exchanged for bells, beads, or pins; and in this unequal traffic both parties were highly pleased, each considering themselves as gainers by the transaction.'

The Spaniards remained at Hispaniola for the space of a month, during which time they explored a great part of the coast, and became familiar with the natives. Columbus had a keen sense of the beautiful in scenery, and his journal is full of enthusiastic descriptions of Hispaniola, its deep groves, its clear skies, its tranquil bays, its soft and balmy atmosphere, its birds with their splendid plumage. 'Tongue,' he says, 'cannot express the whole truth, nor pen describe it; and I have been so overwhelmed at the sight of so much beauty, that I have not known how to relate it.' The people also seem to have made a deep impression on him by their gentle and confiding manners. 'So loving, so tractable, so peaceable,' he says, 'are these people, that I swear to your majesties there is not in the world a better nation nor a better land. They love their neighbours as themselves; and their discourse is ever sweet and gentle, and accompanied with a smile; and though it is true that they are naked, yet their manners are decorous and praiseworthy.' Such are the descriptions given of the island of Hayti by its discoverer—the first island doomed to experience the miseries produced by the cruelty and avarice of the invaders.

The part of Hayti which the fleet first touched at was its western extremity. As usual, one of the earliest inquiries made at the natives was where they obtained gold. The natives, in reply, pointed to a mountainous district to the eastward, which they named *Cibao*—a sound in which Columbus, still clinging to his original delusion, traced a resemblance to the *Cipango* of Marco Polo. Proceeding eastward, therefore, Columbus anchored his two vessels in a harbour, to which he gave the name of St Thomas. While here, he received a message from a chieftain called Guacanagari, one of the five caciques or kings amongst whom the whole island was divided, requesting that he would come and visit him. Columbus resolved to do so. 'He sailed for this purpose from St Thomas

on the 24th of December, with a fair wind, and the sea perfectly calm; and as, amidst the multiplicity of his occupations, he had not shut his eyes for two days, he retired at midnight in order to take some repose, having committed the helm to the pilot, with strict injunctions not to quit it for a moment. The pilot, dreading no danger, carelessly left the helm to an inexperienced cabin-boy, and the ship, carried away by a current, was dashed against a rock. The violence of the shock awakened Columbus. He ran up to the deck. There all was confusion and despair. He alone retained presence of mind. He ordered some of the sailors to take a boat, and carry out an anchor astern; but, instead of obeying, they made off towards the *Nina*, which was about half a league distant. He then commanded the masts to be cut down, in order to lighten the ship: but all his endeavours were too late; the vessel opened near the keel, and filled so fast with water, that its loss was inevitable. The smoothness of the sea, and the timely assistance of boats from the *Nina*, enabled the crew to save their lives.' Hearing of the accident, Guacanagari hastened to the shore, and, by the assistance of the Indians with their canoes, everything of value was saved from the wreck. Nothing could exceed the kindness of the chieftain; he testified the utmost sorrow at the loss which had befallen his visitors, and offered his services to repair it. The loss indeed was a serious one to Columbus. He had as yet heard no tidings of the treacherous *Pinta;* his best ship was a total wreck; and there remained but one crazy little bark to carry so many men back to Europe.

In these circumstances, he resolved to leave part of his men in Hispaniola, returning to Spain with the rest for fresh ships and stores. Although driven by necessity to this resolution, it was advisable on many other accounts. The island was one which it would be desirable to colonise at all events; and by leaving a number of men in it, the way would be prepared for a settlement; a quantity of gold would be collected, ready to be carried to Spain against the time he came back; and, by intercourse with the natives, much knowledge would be obtained, not only about Hayti itself, but about the other islands and lands in the archipelago. Nor did he meet with any difficulty on the part of his men. On the contrary, when the proposal was made to them, many were delighted with the idea of remaining on an island where they would lead a life of such enjoyment. Nothing remained, therefore, but to obtain the permission of Guacanagari, or some other cacique. This was soon granted. It appeared that the island was often visited by a terrible race of people called the Caribs, represented by the Haytians as cannibals, who came from the east, and, penetrating inland, burned their villages, and carried many of them away captives. On the proposal, therefore, of Columbus to leave some of his men on the island, to protect it with their great guns against the incursions of these Caribs, Guacanagari and his people exhibited unbounded delight. The

Spaniards immediately commenced building a fortress on a spot named by Columbus *La Navidad;* not omitting, at the same time, to improve the opportunity of obtaining as much gold as possible from the natives, to be shipped for Spain. Considerable quantities were obtained; the natives readily exchanging little lumps of the precious metal for any trinket offered them. The hawks' bells of the Spaniards, however, delighted them most. Tying these toys to some part of their persons, they would dance and caper about with them in perfect ecstasies at the sounds they produced; and it is told of one Indian that, having obtained a hawk's bell in exchange for a lump of gold of about four ounces weight, he made off to the woods as fast as possible with his prize, lest the Spaniard should repent of his bad bargain, and demand back the bell.

The fortress was soon finished, and thirty-eight men chosen to remain on the island. 'He intrusted the command of these to Diego de Arado, a gentleman of Cordova, investing him with the same powers which he himself had received from Ferdinand and Isabella; and furnished him with everything requisite for the subsistence or defence of this infant colony. He strictly enjoined them to maintain concord among themselves, to yield an unreserved obedience to their commander, to avoid giving offence to the natives by any violence or exaction, to cultivate the friendship of Guacanagari, but not to put themselves in his power by straggling in small parties, or marching too far from the fort. He promised to revisit them soon, with such a reinforcement of strength as might enable them to take full possession of the country, and to reap all the fruits of their discoveries. In the meantime, he engaged to mention their names to the king and queen, and to place their merit and services in the most advantageous light.

'Having thus taken every precaution for the security of the colony, he left Navidad on the 4th of January 1493, and steering towards the east, discovered and gave names to most of the harbours on the northern coast of the island. On the 6th, he descried the *Pinta*, and soon came up with her, after a separation of more than six weeks. Pinzon endeavoured to justify his conduct by pretending that he had been driven from his course by stress of weather, and prevented from returning by contrary winds. The admiral, though he still suspected his perfidious intentions, and knew well what he urged in his own defence to be frivolous as well as false, was so sensible that this was not a proper time for venturing upon any high strain of authority, and felt such satisfaction in this junction with his consort, which delivered him from many disquieting apprehensions, that, lame as Pinzon's apology was, he admitted of it without difficulty, and restored him to favour. During his absence from the admiral, Pinzon had visited several harbours in the island, had acquired some gold by trafficking with the natives, but had made no discovery of any importance.

'From the condition of his ships, as well as the temper of his men, Columbus now found it necessary to hasten his return to Europe. The former, having suffered much during a voyage of such unusual length, were extremely leaky; the latter expressed the utmost impatience to revisit their native country, from which they had been so long absent, and where they had things so wonderful and unheard of to relate. Accordingly, on the 16th of January, he directed his course towards the north-east, and soon lost sight of land. He had on board some of the natives, whom he had taken from the different islands which he discovered; and besides the gold, which was the chief object of research, he had collected specimens of all the productions which were likely to become subjects of commerce in the several countries, as well as many unknown birds, and other natural curiosities, which might attract the attention of the learned, or excite the wonder of the people. The voyage was prosperous to the 14th of February; and he had advanced nearly five hundred leagues across the Atlantic Ocean, when the wind began to rise, and continued to blow with increasing rage, which terminated in a furious hurricane. Everything that the naval skill and experience of Columbus could devise was employed in order to save the ships. But it was impossible to withstand the violence of the storm, and, as they were still far from any land, destruction seemed inevitable. The sailors had recourse to prayers to Almighty God, to the invocation of saints, to vows and charms, to everything that religion dictates or superstition suggests to the affrighted mind of man. No prospect of deliverance appearing, they abandoned themselves to despair, and expected every moment to be swallowed up in the waves. Besides the passions which naturally agitate and alarm the human mind in such awful situations, when certain death, in one of its most terrible forms, is before it, Columbus had to endure feelings of distress peculiar to himself. He dreaded that all knowledge of the amazing discoveries which he had made was now to perish; mankind were to be deprived of every benefit that might have been derived from the happy success of his schemes; and his own name would descend to posterity as that of a rash, deluded adventurer, instead of being transmitted with the honour due to the author and conductor of the most noble enterprise that had ever been undertaken. These reflections extinguished all sense of his own personal danger. Less affected with the loss of life than solicitous to preserve the memory of what he had attempted and achieved, he retired to his cabin, and wrote upon parchment a short account of the voyage which he had made, of the course which he had taken, of the situation and riches of the countries which he had discovered, and of the colony that he had left there. Having wrapped up this in an oiled cloth, which he enclosed in a cake of wax, he put it into a cask carefully stopped up, and threw it into the sea, in hopes that some

fortunate accident might preserve a deposit of so much importance to the world.'

The storm at length abated, and Columbus was able to reach the Azores. After being detained here for a short time by a dispute with the Portuguese governor of one of the islands, he continued his voyage, anxious to reach Spain before the *Pinta*, which had again parted company with him in the storm, with the design, he feared, of being the first to carry the news of his discovery to Spain. A second storm, however, obliged him to make for the coast of Portugal, and take refuge in the Tagus. Proceeding to Lisbon by the king's invitation, he was received with the highest honours—having thus the satisfaction of announcing the success of his great scheme to the very persons who, fourteen years before, had scouted and rejected it. After remaining five days at Lisbon, he set out for Palos, having still heard no tidings of the *Pinta*. He reached the little Spanish seaport on the 15th of March—more than seven months from the time of his departure from it. Great was the excitement among the inhabitants as they saw the little bark, which they instantly recognised, standing up the river. And when the news spread that the New World was discovered, that Columbus had returned with gold and specimens of the productions of the new lands, and, above all, with live natives on board his ship, the joy was indescribable. The bells were rung, the shops shut, all business was suspended, and the whole population hurried to the shore to receive the admiral with shouts and acclamations, such as usually attend the visits of royalty. Columbus's first act on landing was to march with his people to church, to return thanks for the success of his voyage. On the evening of the day of his arrival, the missing *Pinta* likewise entered the harbour, having been driven far to the north by the violence of the storm. The commander, Martin Alonzo Pinzon, full of remorse and chagrin for his past conduct, took to his bed almost immediately on reaching Palos, and died in a few days.

After the first expressions of joy and admiration, Columbus departed for Sevilla. From this place he sent a message to Barcelona, where the king and queen at that time resided, to lay before them a brief account of his voyage, and to receive from them an indication of their royal will. His reception at Barcelona was particularly gratifying. He made a sort of triumphal entry, surrounded by knights and nobles, who emulated each other in their efforts to swell his praises. He was received publicly by the sovereigns, in a splendid saloon, seated on the throne, and encircled by a magnificent court. On his entrance, they rose to greet him, and would hardly allow him to kiss their hands, considering it too unworthy a mark of vassalage. Columbus then gave an account of his discoveries, and exhibited the different articles which he had brought home with him. He described the quantity of spices, the

promise of gold, the fertility of the soil, the delicious climate, the never-fading verdure of the trees, the brilliant plumage of the birds, in the new regions which his own enterprise had acquired for his sovereigns. He then drew their attention to six natives of the New World, whom he had brought, and who were present, and described their manners and dispositions. He exhibited their dresses and ornaments, their rude utensils, their feeble arms; which corresponded with his description of them as naked and ignorant barbarians. To this he added, that he had observed no traces of idolatry or superstition among them, and that they all seemed to be convinced of the existence of a Supreme Being. The conclusion of his speech was in these words: 'That God had reserved for the Spanish monarchs not only all the treasures of the New World, but a still greater treasure, of inestimable value, in the infinite number of souls destined to be brought over into the bosom of the Christian church.'

After he had finished his address, the whole assembly fell upon their knees, while an anthem was chanted by the choir of the royal chapel. With songs of praise, the glory was given to God for the discovery of a new world. Columbus and his adventures were for many days the wonder and delight of the people and the court. The sovereigns admitted the admiral to their audience at all hours, and loaded him with every mark of favour and distinction. Men of the highest rank were proud of the honour of his company.

The news of the great discovery which had been made soon spread over Europe, and the name of Columbus became at once celebrated over the whole civilised world. As it was universally believed that the lands which he had discovered were what he supposed them to be—the extremity of the Asiatic continent—they were spoken of as the Indies; and hence, even after the error was found out, the name of *West Indies* still continued to be applied to them.

THE SECOND VOYAGE—COLONY FOUNDED IN HISPANIOLA.

No time was lost in fitting out a second expedition to the New World. On the morning of the 25th September 1493, Columbus left the Bay of Cadiz with three large ships and fourteen caravels, loaded with everything necessary to found a colony, and manned, not with despondent sailors, as the first fleet had been, but with eager and joyous adventurers, with young and bold cavaliers. In the fleet were several enthusiastic priests, who embarked with the intention of spreading Christianity among the benighted heathens of the new lands.

Steering farther south than in his last voyage, the first land which Columbus made was one of the Caribbee or Leeward Islands, to which he gave the name of Dominica. It was discovered on the 2d of

November 1493. After cruising for about three weeks among these islands, giving names to several of the largest, among which may be mentioned Puerto Rico, and everywhere discovering traces of that savage and warlike disposition which the Haytians had attributed to the Caribs, he bent his course to the north-west, anxious to learn the fate of the little colony which he had left at Hispaniola. Anchoring off the coast of La Navidad, he was surprised and alarmed to find none of the Spaniards on the shore to welcome him, and to receive no return-signals to the shots which he fired announcing his arrival. He soon learned the dreadful truth. Not a man of the thirty-eight he had left remained alive—they had all fallen victims to their own imprudence and licentiousness. A mystery hung about their story which was never fully cleared up; but it appeared, from the accounts of the natives, that as soon as Columbus had departed, the men had begun to range through the island, committing all sorts of crimes, and losing the respect of the Indians; that at length one of the five chieftains of the island, named Caonabo, had attacked the fort, and put them all to death; and that Guacanagari and many of his subjects had been wounded in trying to protect them. With this account Columbus was obliged to be content, although some of his officers questioned its truth, and suspected Guacanagari of having been concerned in the massacre of their countrymen.

A second colony was immediately founded under better auspices. The plan of a city was marked out; and in a short time the building was sufficiently far advanced to afford protection to all who intended to remain on the island. To this rising city Columbus gave the name of Isabella, in honour of the queen of Castile. Even thus early in the history of the colony, however, symptoms of discontent broke out. Many of the Spaniards were attacked by the diseases incident to a new climate; others, and especially such as were of noble families, began to complain of the hard labour imposed upon them. They had imagined that, on reaching the New World, they would find lumps of gold lying on the soil ready to be gathered, and mines of diamonds, which it would only be necessary to open, in order to grow rich; and when they found that what gold the island contained was only to be obtained by industry, and that the principal value of the new country consisted in the fertility of its soil, and its readiness to yield abundant produce to the patient cultivator, they could not conceal their disappointment and dislike to the ambitious foreigner, whose false representations, they said, had lured them from their homes. To banish these gloomy thoughts from the minds of the colonists, Columbus, as soon as the settlement of Isabella was in tolerable condition, employed himself and his men in expeditions into the interior of the island, especially to the mountainous district of Cibao, where gold was said to be obtained in largest quantities.

Returning from a long expedition into the interior in the end of

March 1494, Columbus found the colony of Isabella in a most flourishing condition. The only drawbacks to the satisfaction of Columbus were the illness of many of the colonists, their growing discontent, and the symptoms of ill-will which the natives began at length to manifest towards the Spaniards. Still, as there was no appearance of any interruption to the tranquillity of the colony, Columbus resolved to undertake a voyage of discovery through the archipelago, with a view to reach the great Indian continent, of which his imagination was still full. Leaving, therefore, his brother Diego to govern the island, with the assistance of a council of officers, and intrusting the command of a body of soldiers to Don Pedro Margarita, he sailed from Hayti on the 24th of April 1494. For five months he sailed in various directions through the West Indian Archipelago in quest of the imaginary Cathay or Cipango; discovering nothing of consequence, however, except the island of Jamaica. The weather was tempestuous; and it was only by incessant care on the part of the admiral that his fleet was kept afloat. At length, wearied out with his labours, he was attacked by a violent fever, which terminated in a sort of lethargy or paralysis of all his faculties; and his officers, despairing of his life, returned to Hispaniola in the month of September.

Here a joyful surprise awaited Columbus, which contributed greatly to his recovery. His brother Bartholomew, whom he had not seen for several years, had arrived in the island during his absence. Bartholomew, it will be remembered, had been despatched in 1488 to England, with offers of his brother's project to Henry VII.; but had been captured by pirates on the way. Escaping at length, he was engaged in negotiations with the English monarch, when he learned that his brother had returned to Spain, with the announcement of a new world. Ere he could reach Spain, however, Columbus had departed on his second voyage; but on arriving, he had been treated with great honour by the Spanish sovereigns, and intrusted with the command of a squadron which they were sending out to the colony with provisions. Bartholomew was a man of extraordinary vigour and talent, with less enthusiasm and genius than his brother the admiral, but his equal in decision and sagacity; and much superior to his other brother Diego, who, though a worthy and good man, was of soft and yielding character.

During Columbus's absence, the colony had fallen into confusion. Besides the growing discontent of many of the colonists, the natives were in insurrection—provoked, as it appeared, by the ravages and cruelties of the whites. It was necessary, in the first place, to reduce the natives to obedience. Several months were spent in this wretched and bloody work, which was at length accomplished at the expense of the lives of some Spaniards and thousands of the natives. Many of the latter were also taken prisoners, and reduced to servitude; some of them being even shipped to Spain, to be sold in the slave-market.

The natives universally were compelled to pay tribute. 'Each person above fourteen years of age, who lived in those districts where gold was found, was obliged to pay quarterly as much gold-dust as filled a hawk's bell; from those in other parts of the country, twenty-five pounds of cotton were demanded.' This was the first regular taxation of the Indians, and served as a precedent for exactions still more intolerable. Such an imposition was extremely contrary to those maxims which Columbus had hitherto inculcated with respect to the mode of treating them. But intrigues were carrying on in the court of Spain at this juncture, in order to undermine his power and discredit his operations, which constrained him to depart from his own system of administration. Several unfavourable accounts of his conduct, as well as of the countries discovered by him, had been transmitted to Spain. Columbus saw that there was but one method of supporting his own credit, and of silencing his adversaries: he must produce such a quantity of gold as would not only justify what he had reported with respect to the richness of the country, but encourage Ferdinand and Isabella to persevere in prosecuting his plans. The necessity of obtaining it forced him not only to impose this heavy tax upon the Indians, but to exact payment of it with extreme rigour; and may be pleaded in excuse for his deviating on this occasion from the mildness and humanity with which he uniformly treated that unhappy people.

The task of reducing the island to order occupied Columbus till towards the end of the year 1495. Meanwhile, the representations of his enemies in Spain had gained such weight over the cold and jealous Ferdinand, and even over the generous soul of Isabella, that they resolved to send out a commissioner to investigate into his conduct. The person chosen for this office was Aguado, a groom of the king's bed-chamber. On arriving in Hispaniola, Aguado's behaviour was so arrogant, and had such a bad effect upon the interests of the colony, that Columbus determined to proceed to Spain, and vindicate his conduct personally to the sovereigns. Accordingly, appointing his brother Bartholomew *adelantado*, or lieutenant-governor, of the island, and Francis Roldan chief-justice, he set sail in the spring of 1496, and arrived safely in Spain.

THIRD AND FOURTH VOYAGES—ILL-TREATMENT OF COLUMBUS—DEATH.

The appearance of Columbus in Spain, his manly and candid defence of his conduct, his glowing exposition of the value of his discoveries, and the best means of prosecuting them, had the effect of silencing his detractors for the time. A third expedition was fitted out at his solicitations. It was not, however, till the beginning of 1498 that all was in readiness. This delay arose partly from the dilatoriness of officials, and partly from the unwillingness of men to

engage in an enterprise which did not now appear so captivating as it did at first. 'To supply the want of voluntary recruits, a measure was adopted at the suggestion of Columbus, which shews the desperate alternatives to which he was reduced by the great reaction of public sentiment. This was to commute the sentences of criminals condemned to banishment, to the galleys, or to the mines, into transportation to the new settlements, where they were to labour in the public service without pay. This pernicious measure, calculated to poison the population of an infant community at its very source, was a fruitful cause of trouble, and misery, and detriment to the colony. It has been frequently adopted by various nations whose superior experience should have taught them better, and has proved the bane of many a rising settlement. It is assuredly as unnatural for a metropolis to cast forth its crimes and its vices upon its colonies, as it would be for a parent willingly to ingraft disease upon his children.'

On the 30th of May 1498, Columbus set sail on his third voyage, with a squadron of six vessels. Sailing much farther south in this voyage than he had done in the two former, he landed on the coast of Paria, in the South American continent. The circumstances of this third voyage, part of which lay within the tropics, and the appearance of the new coasts to which it conducted him, made a strong impression on the mind of Columbus, which had a natural bent for theorising upon every phenomenon presented to it. Among other theories which he started about this time, was one by which he attempted to explain the variation of the compass, and other extraordinary changes which occurred in passing from the Old World to the New. According to this theory, he supposed that the earth, instead of being spherical, as hitherto imagined, was elongated or pear-shaped, with one end bulbous, and the other produced and tapering—a theory which, however absurd it may seem, was really a step in advance of the science of the day.

After coasting along the South American continent, acquiring information which he thought all tended to shew that he was on the track of the long-desired Indies of Marco Polo, Columbus was obliged, by the shattered condition of his ships, to make for Hispaniola. Here he found all in confusion. Roldan, whom he had appointed chief-justice, had rebelled against the authority of the adelantado, and was living in another part of the island as the head of a band of insurgents. Bartholomew had governed the colony vigorously and well; but being a foreigner, and not of high birth, he was unpopular with the Spaniards. It required all Columbus's skill and command of temper to restore the semblance of order. 'By a seasonable proclamation, offering free pardon to such as should merit it by returning to their duty, he made impression upon some of the malcontents. By engaging to grant such as should desire it the liberty of returning to Spain, he allured all those

unfortunate adventurers who, from sickness and disappointment, were disgusted with the country. By promising to re-establish Roldan in his former office, he soothed his pride; and by complying with most of his demands in behalf of his followers, he satisfied their avarice. Thus gradually, and without bloodshed, but after many tedious negotiations, he dissolved this dangerous combination, which threatened the colony with ruin, and restored the appearance of order, regular government, and tranquillity.

Meanwhile, Columbus's enemies were again undermining his popularity in Spain. The accounts which Roldan and others sent home of the arrogance of Columbus and his brothers, received more credit than the admiral's own dispatches. Owing also to the cessation of labour in the colony, Columbus was unable to send home so much wealth as the sovereigns expected. Private adventurers were likewise fitting out expeditions of discovery to the New World; and Ferdinand began to be of opinion that it would be more for the interests of the crown to deprive Columbus of his great and exclusive privileges as his viceroy in the New World, and to place the colonial government on a new footing. Isabella alone seemed to befriend the admiral. At length, however, on the arrival of some ships from Hispaniola freighted with natives, whom Columbus had been forced to permit some of the refractory colonists to take with them on their return to Spain, to be sold in the slave-market, her queenly soul, abhorring the idea of making wealth by the sale of human beings, took fire, and she indignantly exclaimed: 'What right has the admiral to give away my vassals?' She no longer opposed Ferdinand's desire to send out a person to examine into the conduct of Columbus, and, if necessary, to order him home. The person chosen as commissioner was Don Francisco de Bovadilla, an officer of the royal household.

On arriving at Hispaniola, Bovadilla reversed the order of his written instructions: he superseded Columbus before investigating into his conduct. Entering the admiral's residence at Isabella, he seized all his furniture, books, and papers; and by his orders, Columbus, with his brothers Diego and Bartholomew, were put in irons. What a burlesque on national gratitude was this outrage! The man who had led Europeans to an acquaintance with America, actually put in manacles by a miserable instrument of the Spanish government! Overcome with emotion, Columbus was thus led on board a ship which waited to receive him. On arriving on board, an officer charged with the duty of attending on him and his brothers offered, with considerate humanity, to remove the irons from his prisoners; but the admiral refused, saying that they were put on by the command of their majesties, and should remain till removed by the same authority. These irons Columbus afterwards preserved as relics.

The rumour was no sooner circulated at Cadiz and Sevilla that

Columbus and his brothers had arrived, loaded with chains, and condemned to death, than it gave rise to a burst of public indignation. The excitement was strong and universal; and messengers were immediately despatched to convey the intelligence to Ferdinand and Isabella. The sovereigns were moved by this exhibition of popular feeling, and were offended that their name and authority should have been used to sanction such dishonourable violence. They gave orders for the immediate liberation of the prisoners, and for their being escorted to Granada with the respect and honour they deserved. They annulled, without examination, all the processes against them, and promised an ample punishment for all their wrongs. At his first interview with the sovereigns after his arrival, Columbus was so overcome that he threw himself at their feet, where he remained for some minutes drowned in tears, and unable to speak from the violence of his sobbings.

Columbus, however, was not re-appointed to his command in Hispaniola. Bovadilla, it is true, was superseded; but his successor was Don Nicholas de Ovando, a Spanish cavalier. It was represented to Columbus that this appointment was only temporary, and that as soon as the colony was in an orderly condition, he would be reinstated in his privileges. In the meantime, he was to undertake a fourth voyage of discovery. In consequence of the knowledge which he had obtained on his previous voyages—as well as from the voyages of the numerous adventurers who followed him—of the extent of the American continent, connected with the announcement with which Europe was then ringing, of the final accomplishment of the great feat of the circumnavigation of Africa by Vasco da Gama in 1497, the genius of Columbus had conceived a new project, or rather a modification of his former one. This was the discovery of some strait lying somewhere between Honduras and Paria, in about the situation of what is now known as the Isthmus of Darien, and leading into the Indian Ocean. Having discovered this strait, he would sail through it, coast along the Indies to the shores of Arabia, and either sail up the Red Sea, and travel overland to Spain, or repeat Vasco da Gama's feat the reverse way, and reach Spain after having circumnavigated the world. Such was the gigantic scheme with the thoughts of which the great old man regaled his declining years. We mistake the character of Columbus if we suppose him merely to have been a man of extraordinary courage, coupled with what we usually understand by the term intellect. He had perhaps one of the most daring and fanciful imaginations. He regarded himself as a personage expressly predestined by Heaven to discover a new world, and prepare the way for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, and the conversion of the whole world to Christianity. These three events he conceived to be linked to each other by prophecy; and he considered that he was the instrument in God's hands for bringing them all about.

On the 9th of May 1502, Columbus again set sail from Cadiz on a fourth voyage of discovery. During this expedition, he touched at some parts of the South American continent, and also at some of the formerly discovered islands; but he failed in making any important discoveries, in consequence of the bad state of his vessels, which were old, and unfit for sailing. With a squadron reduced to a single vessel, he now returned to Spain, where he heard with regret of the death of his patron Isabella. This was a sad blow to his expectations of redress and remuneration. Ferdinand was jealous and ungrateful. He was weary of a man who had conferred so much glory on his kingdom, and unwilling to repay him with the honours and privileges his extraordinary services so richly merited. Columbus therefore sank into obscurity, and was reduced to such straitened circumstances, that, according to his own account, he had no place to repair to except an inn, and very frequently had not wherewithal to pay his reckoning. Disgusted and mortified by the base conduct of Ferdinand, exhausted with the hardships which he had suffered, and oppressed with infirmities, Columbus closed his life at Valladolid on the 20th of May 1506. He died with a composure of mind suitable to the magnanimity which distinguished his character, and with sentiments of piety becoming that supreme respect for religion which he manifested in every occurrence of his life.

Columbus experienced the fate of most great men—little esteemed during his life, but almost deified after his decease. Ferdinand, with a meanness which covers his memory with infamy, allowed this great man to pine and die, a victim of injustice and mortification; but no sooner was he dead, than he erected a splendid monument over his remains in one of the churches of Sevilla. The body of Columbus was not destined, however, to be indebted to Spain for even this posthumous honour; it was afterwards, according to the will of the deceased, transferred to St Domingo, and buried in the cathedral there; but on the cession of that island to the French in the year 1795, it was transferred to Havana, in the island of Cuba, where we hope it will rest in peace.

The discoveries of Columbus laid open a knowledge of what are now termed the West India Islands, and a small portion of the South American continent, which this great navigator, till the day of his death, believed to be a part of Asia or India. About ten years after his decease, the real character of America and its islands became known to European navigators; and by a casual circumstance, one of these adventurers, *Amerigo* Vespucci, a Florentine, had the honour of conferring the name *America* upon a division of the globe which ought, in justice, to have been called after the unfortunate COLUMBUS.

CASES OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

THE records of every country abound in remarkable cases of persons being judicially put to death for crimes of which they were entirely innocent. A mistaken resemblance to the actual perpetrator, the fact of having been seen near the spot where the crime was committed, or some other suspicious circumstance, has contributed to bring the guilt and punishment on the wrong party. At one time, cases of injustice were also committed by condemning individuals for murder when it was not proved that a murder had been perpetrated. The now well-recognised principle in criminal law, that no murder can be held as having been committed till the body of the deceased has been discovered, has terminated this form of legal oppression. Another, and perhaps one of the most common causes of injustice in trials of this nature, is the prevarication of the party charged with the offence. Finding himself, though innocent, placed in an awkward predicament, he invents a plausible story in his defence, and the deceit being discovered, he is at once presumed to be in every respect guilty. Sir Edward Coke mentions a melancholy case of this kind. A gentleman was charged with having made away with his niece. He was innocent of the crime; but having, in a state of

trepidation, put forward another child as the one said to have been destroyed, the trick was discovered, and the poor gentleman was executed—a victim of his own disingenuousness.

The following interesting cases of loss of life from too great a leaning on circumstantial or presumptive evidence, we select from various authorities, English and foreign.

WILLIAM SHAW.

In the year 1721 there resided in Edinburgh an upholsterer named William Shaw, who had a daughter, Catherine Shaw, who lived with him. This young woman, it appears, encouraged the addresses of John Lawson, a jeweller, to whom William Shaw declared the most insuperable objections, alleging him to be a profligate young man, addicted to every kind of dissipation. He was forbidden the house; but the daughter continuing to see him clandestinely, the father, on the discovery, kept her strictly confined.

William Shaw had for some time urged his daughter to receive the addresses of a son of Alexander Robertson, a friend and neighbour; and one evening, being very urgent with her thereon, she peremptorily refused, declaring she preferred death to being young Robertson's wife. The father grew enraged, and the daughter more positive, so that the most passionate expressions arose on both sides, and the words *barbarity*, *cruelty*, and *death*, were frequently pronounced by the daughter. At length he left her, locking the door after him.

The greater number of the buildings in Edinburgh are tall and massive, divided into *flats* or *floors*, each inhabited by one or more families, all of whom enter by a general stair leading to the respective floors. William Shaw resided in one of these flats, and a partition only divided his dwelling from that of James Morrison, a watch-case maker. This man had indistinctly overheard the conversation and quarrel between Catherine Shaw and her father, and was particularly struck with the repetition of the above words, she having pronounced them loudly and emphatically. For some little time after the father was gone out all was silent, but presently Morrison heard several groans from the daughter. Alarmed, he ran to some of his neighbours under the same roof; these entering Morrison's room, and listening attentively, not only heard the groans, but distinctly heard Catherine Shaw two or three times faintly exclaim, 'Cruel father, thou art the cause of my *death*.' Struck with this, they flew to the door of Shaw's apartment; they knocked—no answer was given. The knocking was repeated—still no answer. Suspicions had before arisen against the father; they were now confirmed. A constable was procured and an entrance forced: Catherine was found weltering in her blood, and the fatal knife by her side. She was

alive, but speechless; but on questioning her as to owing her death to her father, was just able to make a motion with her head, apparently in the affirmative, and expired. At this critical moment William Shaw returns, and enters the room: immediately all eyes are on him. Seeing his neighbours and a constable in his apartment, he appears much disordered; but at the sight of his daughter he turns pale, trembles, and is ready to sink. The first surprise and the succeeding horror leave little doubt of his guilt in the breasts of the beholders; and even that little is done away on the constable discovering that the shirt of William Shaw is bloody.

He was instantly hurried before a magistrate, and, upon the depositions of all the parties, committed to prison on suspicion. He was shortly after brought to trial, when in his defence he acknowledged his having confined his daughter to prevent her intercourse with Lawson; that he had frequently insisted on her marrying Robertson; and that he had quarrelled with her on the subject the evening she was found murdered, as the witness Morrison had deposed; but he averred that he left his daughter unharmed and untouched, and that the blood found upon his shirt was there in consequence of his having bled himself some days before, and the bandage becoming untied. These assertions did not weigh a feather with the jury when opposed to the strong circumstantial evidence of the daughter's expressions of 'barbarity, cruelty, death,' and of 'cruel father, thou art the cause of my death,' together with that apparently affirmative motion with her head, and of the blood so seemingly providentially discovered on the father's shirt. On these several concurring circumstances was William Shaw found guilty, and executed at Leith Walk in November 1721.

Was there a person in Edinburgh who believed the father guiltless? No, not one, notwithstanding his latest words at the gallows were, 'I am innocent of my daughter's murder.' But in August 1722, as a man, who had become the possessor of the late William Shaw's apartments, was rummaging by chance in the chamber where Catherine Shaw died, he accidentally perceived a paper that had fallen into a cavity on one side of the chimney. It was folded as a letter, which on being opened ran as follows: 'Barbarous father, your cruelty in having put it out of my power ever to join my fate to that of the only man I could love, and tyrannically insisting upon my marrying one whom I always hated, has made me form a resolution to put an end to an existence which is become a burden to me. I doubt not I shall find mercy in another world, for sure no benevolent Being can require that I should any longer live in torment to myself in this. My death I lay to your charge: when you read this, consider yourself as the inhuman wretch that plunged the murderous knife into the bosom of the unhappy—CATHERINE SHAW.'

This letter being shewn, the handwriting was recognised and avowed to be Catherine Shaw's by many of her relations and friends.

It became the public talk; and the magistracy of Edinburgh, on a scrutiny, being convinced of its authenticity, ordered the body of William Shaw to be given to his family for interment; and as the only reparation to his memory and the honour of his surviving relations, they caused a pair of colours to be waved over his grave in token of his innocence—a poor compensation, it will be allowed, for an act of gross cruelty and injustice.

THE FRENCH REFUGEE.

The following singularly involved case is given in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1754, with the initials of a correspondent, who states it to have been extracted from some minutes of evidence made by his grandfather in criminal causes in which he was counsel on the part of the crown in the reign of Charles II.

Jaques du Moulin, a French refugee, having brought over his family and a small sum of money, employed it in purchasing lots of goods that had been condemned at the custom-house, which he again disposed of by retail. As these goods were such as, having a high duty, were frequently smuggled, those who dealt in this way were generally suspected of increasing their stock by illicit means, and smuggling, or purchasing smuggled articles, under colour of dealing only in goods that had been legally seized by the king's officers, and taken from smugglers. This trade, however, did not, in the general estimation, impeach his honesty, though it gave no sanction to his character; but he was often detected in uttering false gold. He came frequently to persons of whom he had received money with several of these pieces of counterfeit coin, and pretended that they were among the pieces which had been paid him: this was generally denied with great eagerness; but, if particular circumstances did not confirm the contrary, he was always peremptory and obstinate in his charge. This soon brought him into disrepute, and he gradually lost not only his business but his credit. It happened that, having sold a parcel of goods, which amounted to £78, to one Harris, a person with whom he had before had no dealings, he received the money in guineas and Portugal gold, about several pieces of which he scrupled; but the man having assured him that he himself had carefully examined and weighed those very pieces, and found them good, Du Moulin took them, and gave his receipt.

In a few days he returned with six pieces, which he averred were of base metal, and part of the sum which he had a few days before received of him for the lot of goods. Harris examined the pieces, and told Du Moulin that he was sure there were none of them among those which he had paid him, and refused to exchange them for others. Du Moulin as peremptorily insisted on the contrary, alleging *that he had put* the money in a drawer by itself, and locked it up till

he offered it in payment of a bill of exchange, and then the pieces were found to be bad; insisting that they were the same to which he had objected. Harris now became angry, and charged Du Moulin with intending a fraud. Du Moulin appeared to be rather piqued than intimidated at this charge; and having sworn that these were the pieces he received, Harris was at length obliged to make them good; but as he was confident that Du Moulin had injured him by a fraud supported by perjury, he told his story wherever he went, exclaiming against him with great bitterness, and met with many persons who made nearly the same complaints, and told him that it had been a practice of Du Moulin's for a considerable time. Du Moulin now found himself universally shunned; and hearing from all parts what Harris had reported, he brought an action for defamatory words, and Harris, irritated to the highest degree, stood upon his defence; and in the meantime having procured a meeting of several persons who had suffered the same way in their dealings with Du Moulin, they procured a warrant against him, and he was apprehended upon suspicion of counterfeiting the coin. Upon searching his drawers, a great number of pieces of counterfeit gold were found in a drawer by themselves, and several others were picked from other money that was found in different parcels in his scrutoire: upon further search, a flask, several files, a pair of moulds, some powdered chalk, a small quantity of aqua regia, and several other implements, were discovered. No doubt could now be entertained of his guilt, which was extremely aggravated by the methods he had taken to dispose of the money he made, the insolence with which he had insisted upon its being paid him by others, and the perjury by which he had supported his claim. His action against Harris for defamation was also considered as greatly increasing his guilt, and everybody was impatient to see him punished. In these circumstances he was brought to trial; and his many attempts to put off bad money, the quantity found by itself in his scrutoire, and, above all, the instruments of coining, which, upon a comparison, exactly answered the money in his possession, being proved, he was upon this evidence convicted, and received sentence of death.

Now, it happened that, a few days before he was to have been executed, one Williams, who had been bred a seal-engraver, but had left his business, was killed by a fall from his horse: and his wife, who was then pregnant, and near her time, immediately fell into fits and miscarried. She was soon sensible that she could not live; and therefore sending for the wife of Du Moulin, she desired to be left alone, and then gave her the following account:

That her husband was one of four, whom she named, that had for many years subsisted by counterfeiting gold coin, which she had been frequently employed to put off, and was therefore intrusted with the whole secret; that another of these persons had hired himself to Du Moulin as a kind of footman and porter, and being

provided by the gang with false keys, had disposed of a very considerable sum of bad money by opening his master's scrutoire, and leaving it there in the stead of an equal number of good pieces which he took out; that by this iniquitous practice Du Moulin had been defrauded of his business, his credit, and his liberty, to which in a short time his life would be added, if application were not immediately made to save him. After this account, which she gave in great agony of mind, she was much exhausted, and having given directions where to find the persons whom she impeached, she fell into convulsions, and soon after expired. Du Moulin's wife immediately applied to a magistrate; and having related the story she had heard, procured a warrant against the three men, who were taken the same day, and separately examined. Du Moulin's servant steadily denied the whole charge, and so did one of the other two; but while the last was being examined, a messenger, who had been sent to search their lodgings, arrived with a great quantity of bad money, and many instruments for coining. This threw him into confusion, and the magistrate improving the opportunity by offering him his life if he would become evidence for the king, he confessed that he had been long associated with the other prisoners and the man who was dead, and he directed where other tools and money might be found; but he could say nothing as to the manner in which Du Moulin's servant was employed to put it off. Upon this discovery Du Moulin's execution was suspended; and the king's witness swearing positively that his servant and the other prisoner had frequently coined in his presence, and giving a particular account of the process, and the part which each of them usually performed, they were convicted and condemned to die. Both of them, however, denied the fact, and the public were still in doubt about Du Moulin. In his defence, he had declared that the bad money which was found together was such as he could not trace to the persons of whom he had received it; that the parcels with which bad money was found mixed he kept separate, that he might know to whom to apply if it should appear to be bad; but the finding of the moulds and other instruments in his custody was a particular not yet accounted for, as he only alleged in general terms that he knew not how they came there; and it was doubted whether the impeachment of others had not been managed with a view to save him who was equally guilty, there being no evidence of his servant's treachery but that of a woman who was dead, reported at second-hand by the wife of Du Moulin, who was manifestly an interested party. He was not, however, charged by either of the convicts as an accomplice, a particular which was strongly urged by his friends in his behalf; but it happened that, while the public opinion was thus held in suspense, a private drawer was discovered in a chest that belonged to his servant, and in it a bunch of keys, and the impression of one in wax: the impression was compared with the keys, and that which

it corresponded with was found to open Du Moulin's scrutoire, in which the bad money and implements had been found. When this particular, so strong and unexpected, was urged, and the key produced, he burst into tears and confessed all that had been alleged against him. He was then asked how the tools came into his master's scrutoire; and he answered, that when the officers of justice came to seize his master, he was terrified for himself, knowing that he had in his chest these instruments, which the private drawer could not contain; and fearing that he might be included in the warrant, his consciousness of guilt kept him in continual dread and suspicion: that for this reason, before the officers went up stairs, he opened the scrutoire with his false key, and having fetched his tools from his box in the garret, he deposited them there, and had just locked it when he heard them at the door.

In this case even the positive evidence of Du Moulin, that the money he brought back to Harris was the same he had received of him, was not true, though Du Moulin was not guilty of perjury either wilfully or by neglect, inattention or forgetfulness. And the circumstantial evidence against him, however strong, would only have heaped one injury upon another, and have taken away the life of an unhappy wretch, from whom a perfidious servant had taken away everything else.

BRUNELL'S CASE.

In the year 1742 a case of a very remarkable nature occurred near Hull. A gentleman travelling to that place was stopped late in the evening, about seven miles from the town, by a single highwayman with a mask on his face, who robbed the traveller of a purse containing twenty guineas. The highwayman rode off by a different path full speed, and the gentleman, frightened, but not injured, except in purse, pursued his journey. It was growing late, however, and being naturally much agitated by what had passed, he rode only two miles further, and stopped at the Bell Inn, kept by Mr James Brunell. He went into the kitchen to give directions for his supper, where he related to several persons present the fact of his having been robbed; to which he added this peculiar circumstance, that when he travelled he always gave his gold a peculiar mark, and that every guinea in the purse taken from him was thus marked. Hence he hoped that the robber would yet be detected. Supper being ready, he retired.

The gentleman had not long finished his supper, when Mr Brunell came into the parlour where he was, and after the usual inquiries of landlords as to the guest's satisfaction with his meal, observed, 'Sir, I understand you have been robbed not far hence this evening?' 'I have, sir,' was the reply. 'And your money was marked?'

continued the landlord. 'It was,' said the traveller. 'A circumstance has arisen,' resumed Mr Brunell, 'which leads me to think that I can point out the robber. Pray, at what time in the evening were you stopped?' 'It was just setting in to be dark,' replied the traveller. 'The time confirms my suspicions,' said the landlord; and he then informed the gentleman that he had a waiter, one John Jennings, who had of late been so very full of money, and so very extravagant, that he (the landlord) had been surprised at it, and had determined to part with him, his conduct being every way suspicious; that long before dark that day he had sent out Jennings to change a guinea for him; that the man had only come back since the arrival of the traveller, saying he could not get change; and that, seeing Jennings to be in liquor, he had sent him off to bed, determining to discharge him in the morning. Mr Brunell continued to say, that when the guinea was brought back to him, it struck him that it was not the same which he had sent out for change, there being on the returned one a mark, which he was very sure was not upon the other; but that he should probably have thought no more of the matter, Jennings having frequently had gold in his pocket of late, had not the people in the kitchen told him what the traveller had related respecting the robbery, and the circumstance of the guineas being marked. He (Mr Brunell) had not been present when this relation was made, and unluckily, before he heard of it from the people in the kitchen, he had paid away the guinea to a man who lived at some distance, and who had now gone home. 'The circumstance, however,' said the landlord in conclusion, 'struck me so very strongly, that I could not refrain, as an honest man, from coming and giving you information of it.'

Mr Brunell was duly thanked for his candid disclosure. There appeared from it the strongest reasons for suspecting Jennings; and if, on searching him, any others of the marked guineas should be found, and the gentleman could identify them, there would then remain no doubt in the matter. It was now agreed to go up to his room. Jennings was fast asleep: his pockets were searched, and from one of them was drawn forth a purse, containing exactly nineteen guineas. Suspicion now became certainty; for the gentleman declared the purse and guineas to be identically those of which he had been robbed. Assistance was called; Jennings was awakened, dragged out of bed, and charged with the robbery. He denied it firmly; but circumstances were too strong to gain him belief. He was secured that night, and next day taken before a justice-of-the-peace. The gentleman and Mr Brunell deposed to the facts upon oath; and Jennings, having no proofs, nothing but mere assertions of innocence, which could not be credited, was committed to take his trial at the next assizes.

So strong seemed the case against him, that most of the man's friends advised him to plead guilty, and throw himself on the mercy

of the court. This advice he rejected, and when arraigned, pled not guilty. The prosecutor swore to the fact of the robbery; though, as it took place in the dusk, and the highwayman was in a mask, he could not swear to the person of the prisoner, but thought him of the same stature nearly as the man who robbed him. To the purse and guineas, when they were produced in court, he swore—as to the purse, positively, and as to the marked guineas, to the best of his belief; and he testified to their having been taken from the pocket of the prisoner.

The prisoner's master, Mr Brunell, deposed as to the sending of Jennings for the change of a guinea, and to the waiter's having brought back to him a marked one, in the room of one he had given him unmarked. He also gave evidence as to the discovery of the purse and guineas on the prisoner. To consummate the proof, the man to whom Mr Brunell had paid the guinea, as mentioned, came forward and produced the coin, testifying at the same time that he had received it on the evening of the robbery from the prisoner's master in payment of a debt; and the traveller, or prosecutor, on comparing it with the other nineteen, swore to its being, to the best of his belief, one of the twenty marked guineas taken from him by the highwayman, and of which the other nineteen were found on Jennings.

The judge summed up the evidence, pointing out all the concurring circumstances against the prisoner; and the jury, convinced by this strong accumulation of circumstantial evidence, without going out of court brought in a verdict of guilty. Jennings was executed some little time afterwards at Hull, repeatedly declaring his innocence up till the very moment of his execution.

Within a twelvemonth afterwards, Brunell, the master of Jennings, was himself taken up for a robbery committed on a guest in his house, and the fact being proved on trial, he was convicted, and ordered for execution. The approach of death brought on repentance, and repentance confession. Brunell not only acknowledged he had been guilty of many highway robberies, but owned himself to have committed the very one for which poor Jennings suffered.

The account which Brunell gave was, that after robbing the traveller, he had got home before him by swifter riding and by a nearer way. That he found a man at home waiting for him, to whom he owed a little bill, and to whom, not having enough of other money in his pocket, he gave away one of the twenty guineas which he had just obtained by the robbery. Presently came in the robbed gentleman, who, whilst Brunell, not knowing of his arrival, was in the stable, told his tale, as before related, in the kitchen. The gentleman had scarcely left the kitchen before Brunell entered it, and there, to his consternation, heard of the facts, and of the guineas being marked. He became dreadfully alarmed. The guinea which he had paid away he dared not ask back again; and as the affair

of the robbery, as well as the circumstance of the marked guineas, would soon become publicly known, he saw nothing before him but detection, disgrace, and death. In this dilemma, the thought of accusing and sacrificing poor Jennings occurred to him. The state of intoxication in which Jennings was, gave him an opportunity of concealing the money in the waiter's pocket. The rest of the story the reader knows.

LADY MAZEL.

In the year 1689 there lived in Paris a woman of fashion, called Lady Mazel. Her house was capacious, and four stories high; on the ground-floor was a large servants' hall, in which was a grand staircase, and a cupboard where the plate was locked up, of which one of the chambermaids kept the key. In a small room partitioned off from the hall slept the valet-de-chambre, whose name was Le Brun: the rest of this floor consisted of apartments in which the lady saw company; which was very frequent and numerous, as she kept public nights for play. In the floor up one pair of stairs was the lady's own chamber, which was in the front of the house, and was the innermost of three rooms from the grand staircase. The key of this chamber was usually taken out of the door and laid on a chair by the servant who was last with the lady, and who, pulling the door after her, it shut with a spring, so that it could not be opened from without. In this chamber, also, were two doors; one communicating with a back staircase, the other with a wardrobe, which opened to the back stairs also.

On the second floor slept the Abbé Poulard, in the only room which was furnished on that floor. On the third story were two chambers, which contained two chambermaids and two foot-boys; the fourth story consisted of lofts and granaries, whose doors were always open. The cook slept below in a place where the wood was kept, an old woman in the kitchen, and the coachman in the stable.

On the 27th of November, being Sunday, the two daughters of Le Brun, the valet, who were eminent milliners, waited on the lady, and were kindly received; but as she was going to church to afternoon service, she pressed them to come again, when she could have more of their company. Le Brun attended his lady to church, and then went to another himself; after which he went to play at bowls, as was customary at that time, and from the bowling-green he went to several places; and after supping with a friend, he went home seemingly cheerful and easy, as he had been all the afternoon. Lady Mazel supped with the Abbé Poulard as usual, and about eleven o'clock went to her chamber, where she was attended by her maids. Before they left her, Le Brun came to the door to receive his orders for the next day, after which one of the maids laid the key of the

chamber door on the chair next it; they then went out, and Le Brun following them, shut the door after him, and talked with the maids a few minutes about his daughters, and then they parted, he seeming still very cheerful.

In the morning he went to market, and was jocular and pleasant with everybody he met, as was his usual manner. He then returned home, and transacted his usual business. At eight o'clock he expressed surprise that his lady did not get up, as she usually rose at seven: he went to his wife's lodging, which was in the neighbourhood, and told her he was uneasy that his lady's bell had not rung, and gave her seven louis-d'ors, and some crowns in gold, which he desired her to lock up, and then went home again, and found the servants in great consternation at hearing nothing of their lady; when one observed that he feared she had been seized with an apoplexy, or a bleeding at the nose, to which she was subject. Le Brun said: 'It must be something worse; my mind misgives me; for I found the street door open last night after all the family were in bed but myself.' They then sent for the lady's son, M. de Savoniere, who hinted to Le Brun his fear of an apoplexy. Le Brun said: 'It is certainly something worse; my mind has been uneasy ever since I found the street door open last night after the family were in bed.' A smith being now brought, the door was broken open, and Le Brun entering first, ran to the bed; and after calling several times, he drew back the curtains, and said: 'Oh, my lady is murdered!' He then ran into the wardrobe, and took up the strong box, which being heavy, he said: 'She has not been robbed; how is this?'

A surgeon then examined the body, which was covered with no less than fifty wounds: they found in the bed, which was full of blood, a scrap of a cravat of coarse lace, and a napkin made into a night-cap, which was bloody, and had the family mark on it; and from the wounds in the lady's hands, it appeared she had struggled hard with the murderer, which obliged him to cut the muscles before he could disengage himself. The bell-strings were twisted round the frame of the tester, so that they were out of reach, and could not ring. A clasp-knife was found in the ashes almost consumed by the fire, which had burned off all marks of blood that might have ever been upon it: the key of the chamber was gone from the seat by the door; but no marks of violence appeared on any of the doors, nor were there any signs of a robbery, as a large sum of money and all the lady's jewels were found in the strong box and other places.

Le Brun being examined, said, that 'after he left the maids on the stairs, he went down into the kitchen; he laid his hat and the key of the street door on the table, and sitting down by the fire to warm himself, he fell asleep; that he slept, as he thought, about an hour, and going to lock the street door, he found it

open ; that he locked it, and took the key with him to his chamber. On searching him, they found in his pocket a key, the wards of which were new filed, and made remarkably large ; and on trial it was found to open the street door, the antechamber, and both the doors in Lady Mazel's chamber. On trying the bloody night-cap on Le Brun's head, it was found to fit him exactly, whereupon he was committed to prison.

On his trial it appeared as if the lady was murdered by some persons who had been let in by Le Brun for that purpose, and had afterwards fled. It could not be done by himself, because no blood was upon his clothes, nor any scratch on his body, which must have been on the murderer from the lady's struggling ; but that it was Le Brun who let him in seemed very clear. None of the locks were forced ; and his own story of finding the street door open, the circumstances of the key and the night-cap, also a ladder of ropes being found in the house, which might be supposed to be laid there by Le Brun to take off the attention from himself, were all interpreted as strong proofs of his guilt ; and that he had an accomplice was inferred, because part of the cravat found in the bed was discovered not to be like his ; but the maids deposed that they had washed such a cravat for one Berry, who had been a footman to the lady, and was turned away about four months before for robbing her. There was also found in the loft at the top of the house, under some straw, a shirt very bloody, but which was not like the linen of Le Brun, nor would it fit him.

Le Brun had nothing to oppose to these strong circumstances but a uniformly good character, which he had maintained during twenty-nine years he had served his lady ; and that he was generally esteemed a good husband, a good father, and a good servant. It was therefore resolved to put him to the torture, in order to discover his accomplices. This was done with such severity on February 23, 1690, that he died the week after of the injuries he received, declaring his innocence with his dying breath.

About a month after, notice was sent from the provost of Sens that a dealer in horses had lately set up there by the name of John Garlet, but his true name was found to be Berry, and that he had been a footman in Paris. In consequence of this he was taken up, and the suspicion of his guilt was increased by his attempting to bribe the officers. On searching him a gold watch was found, which proved to be Lady Mazel's. Being brought to Paris, a person swore to seeing him go out of Lady Mazel's the night she was murdered, and a barber swore to shaving him next morning, when, on his observing the hands of his customer to be very much scratched, Berry said he had been killing a cat.

On these circumstances he was condemned to the torture, and afterwards to be broken alive on the wheel. On being tortured, he confessed that, by the direction and order of Madame de Savoniere

(Lady Mazel's daughter), he and Le Brun had undertaken to rob and murder Lady Mazel, and that Le Brun murdered her whilst he stood at the door to prevent surprise. In the truth of this declaration he persisted till he was brought to the place of execution, when, begging to speak with one of the judges, he recanted what he had said against Le Brun and Madame de Savoniere, and confessed 'that he came to Paris on the Wednesday before the murder was committed. On the Friday evening he went into the house, and, unperceived, got into one of the lofts, where he lay till Sunday morning, subsisting on apples and bread which he had in his pockets; that about eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, when he knew the lady had gone to mass, he stole down to her chamber, and the door being open, he tried to get under her bed; but it being too low, he returned to the loft, pulled off his coat and waistcoat, and returned to the chamber a second time in his shirt; he then got under the bed, where he continued till the afternoon, when Lady Mazel went to church; that knowing she would not come back soon, he left his hiding-place, and being incommoded with his hat, he threw it under the bed, and made a cap of a napkin which lay on a chair, secured the bell-strings, and then sat down by the fire, where he continued till he heard her coach drive into the courtyard, when he again got under the bed, and remained there; that Lady Mazel having been in bed about an hour, he got from under it and demanded her money; she began to cry out, and attempted to ring, upon which he stabbed her, and she resisting with all her strength, he repeated his stabs till she was dead; that he then took the key of the wardrobe cupboard from the bed's head, opened this cupboard, found the key of the strong box, opened it, and took out all the gold he could find, to the amount of about six hundred livres; that he then locked the cupboard, and replaced the key at the bed's head, threw his knife into the fire, took his hat from under the bed, left the napkin in it, took the key of the chamber from the chair, and let himself out; went to the loft, where he pulled off his shirt and cravat, and, leaving them there, put on his coat and waistcoat, and stole softly down stairs; and finding the street door only on the single lock, he opened it, went out, and left it open; that he had brought a rope-ladder to let himself down from a window if he had found the street door double-locked; but finding it otherwise, he left his rope-ladder at the bottom of the stairs, where it was found.'

Thus was the veil removed from this deed of darkness, and all the circumstances which appeared against Le Brun were accounted for consistently with his innocence. From the whole story, the reader will perceive how fallible human reason is when applied to *circumstances;* and the humane will agree that in such cases even improbabilities ought to be admitted, rather than a man should be condemned who may possibly be innocent.

THE YOUNG SAILMAKER.

In the year 1723, a young man, who was serving his apprenticeship in London to a master sailmaker, got leave to visit his mother, to spend the Christmas holidays. She lived a few miles beyond Deal, in Kent. He walked the journey; and on his arrival at Deal in the evening, being much fatigued, and also troubled with a bowel complaint, he applied to the landlady of a public-house, who was acquainted with his mother, for a night's lodging. Her house was full, and every bed occupied; but she told him that if he would sleep with her uncle, who had lately come ashore, and was boatswain of an Indiaman, he should be welcome. He was glad to accept the offer, and after spending the evening with his new comrade, they retired to rest.

In the middle of the night he was attacked with his complaint, and wakening his bedfellow, he asked him the way to the garden. The boatswain told him to go through the kitchen; but as he would find it difficult to open the door into the yard, the latch being out of order, he desired him to take a knife out of his pocket, with which he could raise the latch. The young man did as he was directed, and after remaining nearly half an hour in the yard he returned to his bed, but was much surprised to find his companion had risen and gone. Being impatient to visit his mother and friends, he also arose before day, and pursued his journey, and arrived at home at noon. The landlady, who had been told of his intention to depart early, was not surprised; but not seeing her uncle in the morning, she went to call him. She was dreadfully shocked to find the bed stained with blood, and every inquiry after her uncle was in vain.

The alarm now became general, and on further examination, marks of blood were traced from the bedroom into the street, and at intervals down to the edge of the pier-head. Rumour was immediately busy, and suspicion fell of course on the young man who slept with him, that he had committed the murder and thrown the body over the pier into the sea. A warrant was issued against him, and he was taken that evening at his mother's house. On his being examined and searched, marks of blood were discovered on his shirt and trousers, and in his pocket were a knife and a remarkable silver coin, both of which the landlady swore positively were her uncle's property, and that she saw them in his possession on the evening he retired to rest with the young man. On these strong circumstances the unfortunate youth was found guilty.

He related all the above particulars in his defence; but as he could not account for the marks of blood on his person, unless that he got them when he returned to the bed, nor for the silver coin being in his possession, his story was not credited. The certainty of the boatswain's disappearance, and the blood at the pier, traced from

his bedroom, were supposed to be too evident signs of his being murdered; and even the judge was so convinced of his guilt, that he ordered the execution to take place in three days. At the fatal tree the youth declared his innocence, and persisted in it with such affecting asseverations, that many pitied him, though none doubted the justness of his sentence.

The executioners of those days were not so expert at their trade as modern ones, nor were drops and platforms invented. The young man was very tall; his feet sometimes touched the ground; and some of his friends who surrounded the gallows contrived to give the body some support as it was suspended. After being cut down, those friends bore it speedily away in a coffin, and in the course of a few hours animation was restored, and the innocent saved. When he was able to move, his friends insisted on his quitting the country, and never returning. He accordingly travelled by night to Portsmouth, where he entered on board a man-of-war on the point of sailing for a distant part of the world; and as he changed his name, and disguised his person, his melancholy story never was discovered.

After a few years of service, during which his exemplary conduct was the cause of his promotion through the lower grades, he was at last made a master's mate, and his ship being paid off in the West Indies, he and a few more of the crew were transferred to another man-of-war, which had just arrived short of hands from a different station. What were his feelings of astonishment, and then of delight and ecstacy, when almost the first person he saw on board his new ship was the identical boatswain for whose murder he had been tried, condemned, and executed five years before! Nor was the surprise of the old boatswain much less when he heard the story.

An explanation of all the mysterious circumstances then took place. It appeared that the boatswain had been bled for a pain in the side by the barber, unknown to his niece, on the day of the young man's arrival at Deal; that when the young man wakened him, and retired to the yard, he found the bandage had come off his arm during the night, and that the blood was flowing afresh. Being alarmed, he rose to go to the barber, who lived across the street, but a press-gang laid hold of him just as he left the public-house. They hurried him to the pier, where their boat was waiting; a few minutes brought them on board a frigate then under-way for the East Indies; and he omitted ever writing home to account for his sudden disappearance. Thus were the chief circumstances explained by the two friends thus strangely met. The silver coin being found in the possession of the young man could only be explained by the *conjecture*, that when he took the knife out of the boatswain's pocket in the dark, it is *probable*, as the coin was in the same pocket, it stuck between the blades of

the knife, and in this manner became the strongest proof against him.

On their return to England, this wonderful explanation was told to the judge and jury who tried the cause, and it is probable they never after convicted a man on *circumstantial* evidence. It also made a great noise in Kent at the time.*

THOMAS GEDDELY'S CASE.

Thomas Geddely lived as a waiter with Mrs Hannah Williams, who kept a public-house at York. It being a house of much business, and the mistress very assiduous therein, she was deemed in wealthy circumstances. One morning her scrutoire was found broken open and robbed, and Thomas Geddely disappearing at the same time, no doubt was entertained as to the robber. About a twelvemonth after, a man calling himself James Crow came to York, and worked a few days for a precarious subsistence in carrying goods as a porter. Many accosted him as Thomas Geddely. He declared he did not know them, that his name was James Crow, and that he never was at York before. But this was held as merely a trick to save himself from the consequences of the robbery committed in the house of Mrs Williams, when he lived with her as waiter.

His mistress was sent for, and in the midst of many people instantly singled him out, called him by his name (Thomas Geddely), and charged him with his unfaithfulness and ingratitude in robbing her. He was directly hurried before a justice-of-peace; but on his examination absolutely affirmed that he was not Thomas Geddely, that he knew no such person, that he never was at York before, and that his name was James Crow. Not, however, giving a good account of himself, but rather admitting that he was a vagabond and petty rogue, and Mrs Williams and another person swearing positively to his person, he was committed to York Castle for trial at the next assizes.

On arraignment, he pled not guilty, still denying that he was the person he was taken for; but Mrs Williams and some others made oath that he was the identical Thomas Geddely who lived with her when she was robbed; and a servant girl deposed that she had seen him, on the very morning of the robbery, in the room where the scrutoire was broken open, with a poker in his hand. The prisoner, being unable to prove an *alibi*, was found guilty of the robbery. He was soon after executed, but persisted to his latest breath in

* We present this case as usually recounted by popular tradition, without vouching for its accuracy. If true, the jury, it will be observed, had no proof of the murder, as the body was not found. We doubt that any judge would have sanctioned such a gross perversion of justice.

affirming that he was not Thomas Geddely, and that his name was James Crow.

And so it proved! Some time after, the true Thomas Geddely, who, on robbing his mistress, had fled from York to Ireland, was taken up in Dublin for a crime of the same stamp, and there condemned and executed. Between his conviction and execution, and again at the fatal tree, he confessed himself to be the very Thomas Geddely who had committed the robbery at York for which the unfortunate James Crow had been executed.

We must add, that a gentleman, an inhabitant of York, happening to be in Dublin at the time of Geddely's trial and execution, and who knew him when he lived with Mrs Williams, declared that the resemblance between the two men was so exceedingly great, that it was next to impossible to distinguish their persons asunder.

BRADFORD THE INNKEEPER.

Jonathan Bradford kept an inn in Oxfordshire, on the London road to Oxford. He bore a respectable character. Mr Hayes, a gentleman of fortune, being on his way to Oxford on a visit to a relation, put up at Bradford's. He there joined company with two gentlemen, with whom he supped, and in conversation unguardedly mentioned that he had then about him a considerable sum of money. In due time they retired to their respective chambers; the gentlemen to a two-bedded room, leaving, as is customary with many, a candle burning in the chimney corner. Some hours after they were in bed, one of the gentlemen being awake, thought he heard a deep groan in an adjoining chamber; and this being repeated, he softly awoke his friend. They listened together, and the groans increasing, as of one dying and in pain, they both instantly arose, and proceeded silently to the door of the next chamber, from which the groans had seemed to come. The door being ajar, they saw a light in the room. They entered, but it is impossible to paint their consternation on perceiving a person weltering in his blood in the bed, and a man standing over him with a dark lantern in one hand, and a knife in the other! The man seemed as much petrified as themselves, but his terror carried with it all the appearance of guilt. The gentlemen soon discovered that the murdered person was the stranger with whom they had that night supped, and that the man who was standing over him was their host. They seized Bradford directly, disarmed him of his knife, and charged him with being the murderer. He assumed by this time the air of innocence, positively denied the crime, and asserted that he came there with the same humane intentions as themselves; for that, hearing a noise, which was succeeded by a groaning, he got out of bed, struck a light, armed himself with a knife for his defence, and had but that minute

entered the room before them. These assertions were of little avail; he was kept in close custody till the morning, and then taken before a neighbouring justice-of-the-peace. Bradford still denied the murder, but with such apparent indications of guilt, that the justice hesitated not to make use of this extraordinary expression on writing his mittimus, 'Mr Bradford, either you or myself committed this murder.'

This remarkable affair became a topic of conversation to the whole country. Bradford was condemned by the general voice of every company. In the midst of all this predetermination, came on the assizes at Oxford. Bradford was brought to trial; he pled not guilty. Nothing could be stronger than the evidence of the two gentlemen. They testified to the finding Mr Hayes murdered in his bed, Bradford at the side of the body with a light and a knife, and that knife, and the hand which held it, bloody. They stated that, on their entering the room, he betrayed all the signs of a guilty man; and that, but a few minutes preceding, they had heard the groans of the deceased.

Bradford's defence on his trial was the same as before: he had heard a noise; he suspected that some villainy was transacting; he struck a light, snatched up the knife, the only weapon at hand, to defend himself, and entered the room of the deceased. He averred that the terrors he betrayed were merely the feelings natural to innocence, as well as guilt, on beholding so horrid a scene. The defence, however, could not but be considered as weak, contrasted with the several powerful circumstances against him. Never was circumstantial evidence so strong, so far as it went. There was little need for comment from the judge in summing up the evidence; no room appeared for extenuation; and the prisoner was declared guilty by the jury without their even leaving the box.

Bradford was executed shortly after, still declaring that he was not the murderer, nor privy to the murder, of Mr Hayes; but he died disbelieved by all.

Yet were these assertions not untrue! The murder was actually committed by the footman of Mr Hayes; and the assassin, immediately on stabbing his master, rifled his pockets of his money, gold watch, and snuff-box, and then escaped back to his own room. This could scarcely have been effected, as after-circumstances shewed, more than two seconds before Bradford's entering the unfortunate gentleman's chamber. The world owes this information to remorse of conscience on the part of the footman (eighteen months after the execution of Bradford) when laid on a bed of sickness. It was a death-bed repentance, and by that death the law lost its victim.

It were to be wished that this account could close here; but there is more to be told. Bradford, though innocent of the murder, and not even privy to it, was nevertheless a murderer in design. He

had heard, as well as the footman, what Mr Hayes had declared at supper, as to the having a sum of money about him; and he went to the chamber of the deceased with the same dreadful intentions as the servant. He was struck with amazement on beholding himself anticipated in the crime. He could not believe his senses; and in turning back the bed-clothes to assure himself of the fact, he in his agitation dropped his knife on the bleeding body, by which means both his hands and the weapon became bloody. These circumstances Bradford acknowledged to the clergyman who attended him after sentence, but who, it is extremely probable, would not believe them at the time.

Besides the graver lesson to be drawn from this extraordinary case, in which we behold the simple intention of crime so signally and wonderfully punished, these events furnish a striking warning against the careless, and, it may be, vain display of money or other property in strange places. To heedlessness on this score the unfortunate Mr Hayes fell a victim. The temptation, we have seen, proved too strong for two persons out of the few who heard his ill-timed disclosure.

THE LYON COURIER.

In the month of April 1796—or, according to the dates of the French republic, in Floreal of the year 4—a young man, named Joseph Lesurques, arrived in Paris with his wife and his three children from Douai, his native town. He was thirty-three years of age, and possessed a fortune of 15,000 livres (£600) per annum, inherited from his own and his wife's relations. He took apartments in the house of a M. Monnet, a notary in the Rue Montmartre, and made preparations for permanently residing in Paris and educating his children. One of his first cares was to repay one Guesno, proprietor of a carrying establishment at Douai, 2000 livres he had formerly borrowed. On the day following, Guesno invited Lesurques to breakfast. They accordingly went to No. 27, Rue des Boucheries, in company with two other persons, one of whom, a gentleman of the name of Couriol, was invited in consequence of his calling on the third party just as they were sitting down to breakfast. The party remained at table until nearly twelve o'clock, when they proceeded to the Palais Royal, and after having taken coffee at the Rolonde du Caveau, separated.

Four days afterwards (on the 27th April), four horsemen, mounted on good but evidently hired horses, were observed to ride out of Paris through the Barriere de Charenton, as if on a party of pleasure. They all wore long cloaks, as was then the fashion, and sabres hanging from their waists. One of the party was Couriol.

Between twelve and one o'clock the four horsemen arrived at the pretty village of Mongeron, on the road to Melun and Burgagne.

One of the party had galloped forward to order dinner at the Hotel de la Poste, kept by Sieur Evrard: after dinner, they asked for pipes and tobacco, and two of them smoked. They paid their bill, and went to the rooms of the place, where they took four cups of coffee. Shortly afterwards, they mounted their horses, and following the road, shaded by beech-trees, which leads from Montgeron to the forest of Lenart, they proceeded at a fast pace towards Lieursaint, a picturesque village in the midst of a grove.

They arrived at Lieursaint about three o'clock in the afternoon, and there made another long halt. The horse of one of the party had lost a shoe, and another of them had broken the chain of his spur by collision with a friend's horse. This one stopped at the beginning of the village, at the cottage of a woman named Chatelin, a lemonade-seller, and requested her to give him coffee, and supply him with some coarse thread to mend the chain of his spur. This woman immediately complied with his double request; and as the traveller was not very skilful in mending the chain, she called her servant, one Grossetete, who accordingly mended the chain, and assisted in putting the spur on the boot. The three other horsemen during this time had dismounted at one Champeaux's, an innkeeper, and took something to drink, while he conducted the horse and horseman to the village smith, a man named Mottean. When the horse was shod, the four travellers went to the café of the woman Chatelin, where they played some games at billiards. At half-past seven o'clock, after taking a stirrup-cup with the innkeeper, to whose house they returned for their horses, they mounted and rode off towards Melun.

On going in, Champeaux saw on a table a sabre, which one of the travellers had forgotten to put in his belt: he wished his stable-boy to run after them, but they were already out of sight. It was not until an hour afterwards that the traveller to whom the weapon belonged, and who was the same who had mended his spur, returned at full galop for it. He then drank a glass of brandy, and set off at full speed in the direction taken by his companions. At this moment the mail courier from Paris to Lyon arrived to change horses. It was then about half-past eight o'clock, and the night had been for some time dark. The courier, after having changed horses, and taken a fresh postilion, set out to pass the long forest of Lenart. The mail at this period was a sort of postchaise, with a large trunk behind containing the dispatches. There was one place only open to the public, at the side of the courier. It was on that day occupied by a man about thirty years of age, who had that morning taken his place to Lyon in the name of Laborde, silk merchant.

The next morning the mail was found rifled, the courier dead in his seat, with one wound right through his heart, and his head cut nearly off; and the postilion lying in the road, also dead, his head cut open, his right hand divided, and his breast wounded in three

places. The postilion's wounds were evidently inflicted by sabres, wielded by two persons. One horse only was found near the carriage. The mail had been robbed of 75,000 livres in assignats, silver, and bank bills.

The officers of justice, in their researches, immediately discovered that five persons had passed through the barrier of Rambouillet, proceeding to Paris between four and five o'clock in the morning after the murder. The horse ridden by the postilion was found wandering about the Place Royale; and they ascertained that four horses, covered with foam, and quite exhausted, had been brought about five o'clock in the morning to a man named Muiron, Rue des Fosses-Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, by two persons who had hired them the evening before. These two persons were named Bernard and Couriol. Bernard was immediately arrested; Couriol escaped.

In the course of the inquiry, it became evident that the criminals must have been five in number. A description was obtained of the four who had ridden from Paris and stopped at Mongeron and Lieursaint, from the many persons with whom they had conversed on the road. A description was also obtained of the man who had taken his place with the courier under the name of Laborde, from the person at the coach-office, and from those who had seen him take his seat.

Couriol was traced to Chateau Thierry, where he lodged in the house of one Bruer, with whom, too, Guesno, the carrier of Douai, was also staying. The police proceeded there, and arrested Couriol: in his possession was found a sum, in assignats, drafts, and money, equal to about a fifth of what had been taken from the mail. Guesno and Bruer were also taken into custody, but they proved alibis so distinctly, that they were discharged as soon as they arrived in Paris.

The Bureau Central intrusted to one Daubenton, the *Juge de Paix* of the division of Pont-Neuf, and an officer of the judicial police, the preliminary investigations in this affair. This magistrate, after discharging Guesno, had told him to apply at his office the next morning for the return of his papers, which had been seized at Chateau Thierry; at the same time he had ordered a police-officer, named Heudon, to set out immediately for Mongeron and Lieursaint, and to bring back with him the witnesses, of whom he gave a list, so as to have them all together the next day at the central office ready to be examined.

Guesno, being desirous to obtain his papers as soon as possible, left home earlier than usual; just before he reached the central office, he met his friend Lesurques. They conversed together, and Guesno having explained the cause which took him to the office of the Juge de Paix, proposed that he should accompany him. They went to the office, then at the hotel now occupied by the Prefect de Police; and as Citizen Daubenton had not yet arrived, they sat

down in the antechamber, on purpose to wait his arrival, and be more speedily released.

About ten o'clock the Juge de Paix, who had entered his room by a back door, was interrupted in his perusal of the documents, before examining the witnesses, by the officer Heudon, who said: 'Among the witnesses there are two, the woman Santon, servant of Evrard the innkeeper at Mongeron, and the girl Grossetete, servant of the woman Chatelin, the lemonade-seller at Lieursaint, who declare in the most precise manner that two of the assassins were waiting in the antechamber. They said they could not be mistaken, as one of them had waited at the dinner of the four travellers at Mongeron, and the other had conversed with them at Lieursaint, and had remained more than an hour in the room while they played at billiards.

The Juge de Paix, not believing this improbable statement, ordered the two women to be introduced separately. He then examined each of them, when they energetically repeated their statement, and said that they could not be mistaken. He then, after warning the women that life and death depended on their answers, had Guesno brought into his room. 'What,' said the Juge, 'do you want here?' 'I come,' replied Guesno, 'for my papers, which you promised to restore to me yesterday. I am accompanied by one of my friends from Douai, my native place. His name is Lesurques. We met on the road, and he is waiting for me in the other room.'

The Juge de Paix then ordered the other person pointed out by the two women to be introduced. This was Lesurques. He conversed with him and Guesno for a few minutes, requested them to walk into another room, where the papers would be brought to them, and privately told Heudon not to lose sight of them. When they had left the room, the magistrate again asked the women if they persisted in their previous declarations; they did persist; their evidence was taken down in writing; and the two friends were immediately arrested.

From this time the proceedings were pressed on with great rapidity. Guesno and Lesurques, when confronted by the witnesses, were recognised by almost all. The woman Santon asserted that it was Lesurques who, after dinner at Mongeron, wished to pay in assignats, but that the tall dark man (Couriol) paid in silver. Champeaux and his wife, the innkeepers at Lieursaint, recognised Lesurques as the man who had mended his spur and returned for his sabre. Lafolie, the stable-boy at Mongeron, the woman Alfroy, a florist at Lieursaint, all recognised him. Laurent Charbant, a labourer who had dined in the same room with the four horsemen, deposed that he was the one who had spurs affixed to his boots hussar fashion.

On the day of his arrest, Lesurques wrote to his friend the following letter, which was intercepted and added to the legal documents:

'My friend, since my arrival in Paris I have experienced nothing but troubles, but I did not expect the misfortune which now overwhelms me. Thou knowest me, and thou knowest whether I am capable of degrading myself by crime; yet the most frightful of crimes is imputed to me. I am accused of the murder of the courier to Lyon. Three men and two women, whom I know not, nor even their abode (for thou knowest that I have never left Paris), have had the assurance to declare that they remembered me, and that I was the first who rode up on horseback. Thou knowest that I have never mounted a horse since I arrived in Paris. Thou wilt see of what vital import to me is such testimony as this, which tends to my judicial assassination. Assist me with thy memory, and try to remember where I was and what persons I saw in Paris—I think it was the 7th or 8th of last month—so that I may confound these infamous calumniators, and punish them as the laws direct.'

At the bottom of this letter were written the names of the persons he had seen on that day: Citizen Tixier, General Cambrai, Mademoiselle Eugénie, Citizen Hilaire, Ledru, his wife's hairdresser, the workmen engaged on his apartments, and the porter of the house. He concluded by saying: 'Thou wilt oblige by seeing my wife often, and trying to console her.'

Lesurques, Guesno, Couriol, Bernard, Richard, and Bruer were tried before the criminal tribunal: the first three as authors or accomplices of the assassination and robbery; Bernard for having supplied the four horses; Richard for having concealed Couriol and his mistress Madeleine Breban, and for having concealed and divided all or part of the stolen property; Bruer for having received Couriol and Guesno into his house at Chateau Thierry. In the course of the trial, the witnesses who pretended to recognise Guesno and Lesurques persisted in their declarations. Guesno and Bruer produced evidence that completely cleared them. Guesno proved his alibi in the most distinct manner, and thus insured his acquittal. Lesurques called fifteen witnesses, all citizens, exercising respectable professions, and enjoying the esteem of the public. He appeared at the bar with remarkable confidence and calmness. The first witness for the defence was Citizen Legrand, a countryman of Lesurques, a wealthy silversmith and jeweller. He testified that, on the 8th, the very day the crime was committed, Lesurques passed one part of the morning with him. In addition, Aldenof, a jeweller, and Hilaire Ledru Chausfer, affirmed that they had dined with the prisoner on the same day at his relation's, Lesurques, in the Rue Montorquiel. They stated, that after dinner they went to a café, and after taking some liqueur, had seen him to his own house.

The painter Beudart added, that he meant to have dined with his friends, but that being on duty as a National Guard, he could not arrive in time, but that he had been at Lesurques's house the same evening in uniform, and had seen him retire to rest. In support of

this deposition, this witness produced his billet-de-garde, dated the 8th. The workmen who were employed on the apartments Lesurques was about to occupy, deposed that they had seen him several times in the course of the 8th and 9th.

The jeweller Legrand, to corroborate his testimony, had stated that on the day, the 8th Floreal (27th April), he had before dinner made an exchange with Aldenof, or, at anyrate, that it was mentioned in his book on that day. He proposed that his book should be brought. It was examined in court, and discovered that the 9th had been clumsily scratched out, and the 8th substituted. This at once changed the favourable impression which had been produced in favour of the prisoner, and the witness was ordered into custody. He then lost all presence of mind, and owned that he was not certain of having seen Lesurques on that day, but that, feeling convinced of his innocence, he had altered his register to corroborate his own testimony. This circumstance produced the most unfavourable effect on the judges; but in spite of the dark complexion of his case, Lesurques continued to maintain his innocence.

The discussions and examinations were closed, and the jury had retired to deliberate. At this moment a woman, in a violent state of excitement, called aloud from the midst of the crowd in the court for leave to speak to the president. She was, she said, urged by the voice of conscience to save the tribunal from committing a dreadful crime. On being placed before the judge, she declared that Lesurques was innocent; that the witnesses had mistaken him for a man of the name of Dubosq, to whom he bore an extraordinary resemblance. This woman was Madeleine Breban, the mistress of Couriol, and the confidante of his most secret thoughts; who now abandoned him, and avowed her own guilt to save Lesurques.

Madeleine Breban's evidence was rejected, and the jury brought in their verdict, by which Couriol, Lesurques, and Bernard were condemned to death. Richard was sentenced to twenty-four years' labour in irons; Guesno and Bruer were acquitted.*

No sooner had sentence been pronounced, than Lesurques, rising calmly, and addressing his judges, said: 'I am innocent of the crime imputed to me. Ah! citizens, if murder on the highway be atrocious, to execute an innocent man is not less a crime.' Couriol then rose, and exclaimed: 'I am guilty; I own my crime; but Lesurques is innocent; and Bernard did not participate in the assassination!' He repeated these words four times, and on returning to his prison, wrote a letter to his judges, full of anguish and repentance, in which was this passage: 'I never knew Lesurques. My accomplices were Vidal, Rossi, Durochat, and Dubosq. The resemblance of Dubosq has deceived the witnesses.'

Madeleine Breban presented herself, after sentence had been

* At that period the sentence was part of the jury's verdict.

pronounced, to renew her declaration. Two parties attested that, before the condemnation of the prisoners, Madeleine had said to them that Lesurques had never had any connection with the guilty parties—that he was the victim of his fatal likeness to Dubosq. The declaration of Couriol caused some doubt in the minds of the judges. They immediately applied to the Directory for a reprieve, who, alarmed at the probability of an innocent man being executed, applied to the legislative assemblies; for all judicial means had been exhausted. The message of the Directory to the 'Five Hundred' was urgent. It requested a reprieve, and instructions on the subsequent steps to be taken. It concluded in these words—'Ought Lesurques to die on the scaffold because he resembles a criminal?'

The legislative body passed to the order of the day, considering that, as all legal forms had been fulfilled, a single case ought not to cause an infraction of forms previously settled; and *that to annul on such grounds the sentence legally pronounced by a jury would subvert all ideas of justice and of equality before the law!*

The right of pardon had been abolished. Lesurques was left without help or hope. He bore his fate with firmness and resignation. On the day of his death he wrote to his wife the following letter: 'My dear friend, we cannot avoid our fate. I shall, at any rate, endure it with the courage which becomes a man. I send some locks of my hair; when my children are older, divide it with them. It is the only thing that I can leave them.'

In a letter of adieu addressed to his friends, he merely observed: 'Truth has not been heard; I shall die the victim of mistake.'

He published in the newspapers the following letter to Dubosq, whose name had been revealed by Couriol: 'Man, in whose place I am to die, be satisfied with the sacrifice of my life: if you be ever brought to justice, think of my three children, covered with shame, and of their mother's despair, and do not prolong the misfortunes of so fatal a resemblance.'

On the 10th of March 1797, Lesurques went to the place of execution dressed completely in white, as a symbol of his innocence, with his shirt turned over his shoulders. The day was Holy Thursday (old style). He expressed his regret at not having to die the next day, the anniversary of the Passion. On the way from prison to the place of execution, Couriol, who was seated in the car beside him, cried in a loud voice, addressing himself to the people: 'I am guilty, but Lesurques is innocent!'

When he reached the scaffold, already red with the blood of Bernard, Lesurques gave himself up to the executioners, saying: 'I pardon my judges; the witnesses, whose mistake has murdered me; and Legrand, who has not a little contributed to this judicial assassination. I die protesting my innocence.'

Many of the jury afterwards expressed their regret at having given credit to the witnesses from Mongeron and Lieursaint; and Citizen

Daubenton, the Juge de Paix, who had arrested Lesurques, and conducted the first proceedings, resolved to investigate the truth, which could only be satisfactorily effected through the arrest and trial of the four persons denounced by Couriol as his accomplices.

Two years elapsed without the conscientious magistrate being able, in spite of all his inquiries, to discover the slightest trace of the fugitives. At length, in examining the numerous warrants and registers of persons daily brought to his bureau, he discovered that Durochat, the individual whom Couriol had denounced as the one who had taken his place by the side of the courier, under the name of Laborde, had just been arrested for a robbery he had lately effected, and lodged in St Pelagie. At the time of Lesurques's trial, it had come out in evidence that several persons, amongst others an inspector of the post-mails, had preserved a perfect recollection of the pretended Laborde, having seen him when waiting for the mail.

Citizen Daubenton, by great exertion, secured the presence of the inspector in the court on the day of Durochat's trial. He was condemned to fourteen years' labour in chains; and as the gens-d'armes were conducting him to prison, the inspector recognised the prisoner as the same person who had travelled in the mail towards Lyon, under the name of Laborde, on the day on which the courier was assassinated.

Durochat made but feeble denials, and was reconducted to the Conciergerie, where Citizen Daubenton had him immediately detained, under a charge arising out of the proceedings against Couriol. The next morning the magistrate, assisted by Citizen Masson, an officer of the criminal tribunal, took means for transferring the prisoner to the prisons of Melun, where he arrived the same evening. After being examined early the next morning, it was found necessary to transfer him to Versailles, where he was to be tried. The magistrate and officer set out, followed by two gens-d'armes, to convey the prisoner to Versailles. On arriving at a village near Grosbois, he asked for breakfast; for he had eaten nothing since the preceding evening. The escort therefore stopped at the first inn, and Durochat then asked to speak with the Juge de Paix alone. The Juge having sent away the two gens-d'armes and the officer Masson, although the latter made signs to him that it was dangerous to remain alone with such a consummate villain, ordered breakfast for himself and Durochat. A table was placed between them; the servant, acting under the orders of Masson, brought only one knife. Citizen Daubenton took it to open an egg, when Durochat, looking hard at him said: 'Monsieur le Juge, you are afraid!' 'Of whom?' said Daubenton. 'Of me,' replied Durochat; 'you have armed yourself with a knife.' The Juge de Paix presented the knife to him by the handle, saying: 'There, cut me some bread, and tell me what you know about the assassination of the courier.'

Durochat rose up from his seat, and laying down the knife, which

he had at first grasped menacingly, exclaimed: 'You are a brave fellow, citizen. I am a lost man—my time 's up—but you shall know all!' He then related every particular of the murder, which completely agreed with the statements made by Couriol. He stated that Vidal had projected the affair, and had communicated it to him at a restaurant's in the Champs Elysées. The criminals were Couriol, Rossi, alias Beroldy, Vidal, himself, and Dubosq. Dubosq had forged for him the passport in the name of Laborde, by means of which he easily procured another for Lyon, to enable him to take his place in the mail. He had also lent the party 3000 francs in assignats. Bernard had supplied four horses for Couriol, Rossi, Vidal, and Dubosq. They had attacked the carriage as the postilion was slackening his pace to ascend a little hill. It was he (Durochat) who had stabbed the courier at the instant that Rossi cut down the postilion with a sabre; he had then given up his horse to him (Durochat), and had returned to Paris on that of the postilion. As soon as they arrived there, they all met at Dubosq's, Rue Croix-des-Petits-Champs, where they proceeded to divide the booty. Bernard, who had only procured the horses, was there, and claimed his share, and got it. 'I have heard,' he added, 'that there was a fellow named Lesurques condemned for this business; but to tell the truth, I never knew the fellow either at the planning of the business, or at its execution, or at the division of the spoil. After the crime, I lodged with Vidal, Rue des Fontaines. I left there soon afterwards, on hearing of the arrest of Couriol. The porter at that house was named Perrier.'

The confession of Durochat was taken down in writing, and signed by him. The party then resumed their journey to Versailles, and on the prisoner's arrival there, he renewed it before one of the judges of the tribunal. 'The magistrate,' says Citizen Daubenton, 'present at this examination observed to Durochat that Lesurques had been sworn to as one of the party of four,' and also 'that he had silver spurs on his boots, which he had been seen to repair with thread, and that this spur had been found on the place where the mail had been attacked.' Durochat replied: 'It was Dubosq who had the silver spurs. The morning we divided the plunder, I remember hearing that he had broken one of the chains of his spurs; that he had mended it where he dined, and lost it in the scuffle. I saw in his hand the other spur, which he said he was going to throw into the mixen.' Durochat then described Dubosq, and added that on the day of the murder he wore a blonde wig.

Some days after the arrest of Durochat, Vidal, one of the other authors of the crime, was also arrested. Although all the witnesses swore to him as one of the party who had dined and played at billiards, he denied everything. Special proceedings were instituted against him, and he remained in the prisons of La Seine.

Durochat was condemned to death, and executed. He underwent

his fate with perfect indifference. Vidal was shut up in the principal prison of Seine and Oise, where the prosecution commenced in Paris was carried on.

Towards the end of the year 8 (1799—1800), four years after the assassination of the courier, Dubosq, having been arrested for a robbery in the department of Allier, where he had retired under a false name, was recognised in the prisons, brought to Paris, and thence to Versailles, to be tried at the same time as Vidal before the criminal tribunal. It was discovered, on searching the registers, that while very young he had been condemned to the galleys for life for stealing plate at the archbishop's of Besançon. He had afterwards escaped at the time of the revolutionary disturbances. Arrested in Paris for a second robbery, he had been again condemned, and had again escaped. Retaken at Rouen, he had once more succeeded in breaking loose; and, arrested at Lyon, he had a fourth time broken from prison. This last escape occurred a few weeks before the attack on the mail and double murder in the forest of Lenart. Like Vidal, however, he denied everything.

Dubosq and Vidal, being both confined in the prison of Versailles, planned an escape, which they soon executed. After having climbed over the two first walls, and reached the top of the outside one, they had only to jump down twenty-five feet into the street. Vidal tried first, and succeeded; Dubosq broke his leg in the attempt, and was retaken. The Citizen Daubenton spared no pains to discover Vidal's retreat. He learned soon afterwards that he had been arrested at Lyon for new crimes. He was brought back to Versailles; but in the meantime Dubosq had recovered from his fracture, and found means to break out of prison. Vidal was tried alone, condemned, and executed.

At length, in the latter part of the year 9 (1800—1801), Dubosq was again arrested, and immediately brought before the criminal tribunal of Versailles. The president had ordered a blonde wig to be placed on his head before the witnesses were called in. 'The Citizen Perault, a member of the legislative assembly, and one of those who had seen the four cavaliers who had dined at Mongeron on the day of the murder of the courier, and who had recognised Lesurques as one of them, stated that there was a striking resemblance between Dubosq and Lesurques.' The woman Alfroy, who had before sworn to Lesurques as one of the four, declared that she was mistaken in her evidence before the Tribunal de la Seine, and that she was now firmly convinced that it was not Lesurques but Dubosq that she had seen. To this evidence Dubosq replied by stubborn denials. It was proved that he was intimate with the guilty parties; indeed he could not deny it; and the declarations of Couriol, Durochat, and Madeleine Breban had great weight *against* him.

He was unanimously condemned, and was executed the 3d

Ventose, in the year 10 (22d February 1802). At length the last of the accomplices denounced by Couriol and Durochat, Rossi, otherwise Ferrari, or the Great Italian, whose real name was Beroldy, was discovered near Madrid, and given up at the request of the French government. Having been tried and sentenced to death at Versailles, he testified the utmost repentance, and went to execution, receiving religious attentions from Monsieur de Grandpré. After the execution, Monsieur de Grandpré stated to the president that he had been authorised by the criminal to confess the justice of his sentence. The same Monsieur Grandpré deposited with M. Destrumeau, a notary at Versailles, a declaration written and signed by Beroldy, otherwise Rossi, which was not to be published until six months after his death. The following is the tenor of this document, which is given, with all the particulars of this extraordinary case, in a memoir written by M. Daubenton, the Juge de Paix. 'I declare that the man named Lesurques is innocent; but this declaration, which I give to my confessor, is not to be published until six months after my death.'

Thus terminated this long judicial drama. Ferrari, otherwise Rossi, was the sixth executed as one of the authors or accomplices in the murder of the Lyon courier, besides Richard, who was condemned to the galleys for having received the stolen property, and for having concealed Couriol, and afterwards assisted him to fly. Yet it was most distinctly proved, in the course of the trials, that there were only five murderers. The one who, under the name of Laborde, had taken his place beside the courier, and the four horsemen who rode on the horses hired by Bernard, dined at Mongeron, and took coffee and played at billiards at Lieursaint.

The widow and family of Lesurques, relying on these facts, and supported by the declarations of Couriol and Durochat, the confessions of Rossi and Vidal, and the retractions of the witnesses in Dubosq's trial, applied for a revision of the sentence so far as concerned Lesurques, in order to obtain a *rehabilitation* (a judicial declaration of his innocence, and the restoration of his property), if he should be proved the victim of an awful judicial error.

The Citizen Daubenton devoted the latter part of his life, and the greater part of his fortune to the discovery of the truth. In the conclusion of his memoir, he declared that, according to his conviction, there were sufficient grounds to induce the government to order a revision of Lesurques's sentence. He concluded his statement by saying, that 'the Calases, the Servens, and all the others for whom the justice of our sovereigns had ordered a like revision, had none of them had such strong presumptions in their favour as the unhappy Lesurques.'

But the right of revision no longer existed in the French code. Under the Directory, the Consulate, and the Restoration, the applications of the widow and family of Lesurques were equally unsuccessful.

All that the family could obtain was the restoration, in the last two yea of the reign of the elder Bourbons, of part of the property sequestrat according to the law in force at the time of Lesurques's execution.

Since the revolution of 1830, the Lesurques family have made mor than one appeal to the legislature, but still in vain. The widow o Lesurques died in the month of October 1842. His eldest son fel fighting in the ranks of the French army. A son and daughter only remained, whom their mother, on her death-bed, adjured to continue the pious labour which she had commenced the day when her husband perished on the scaffold.*

CASES IN AMERICA.

Mrs Child, in her work, *Letters from New York* (1843), advocating the abolition of capital punishments, gives a notice of two cases in which circumstantial evidence led to the execution of the wrong parties.

The testimony from all parts of the world is invariable and conclusive, that crime diminishes in proportion to the mildness of the laws. The real danger is in having laws on the statute-book at variance with universal instincts of the human heart, and thus tempting men to continual evasion. The evasion even of a bad law is attended with many mischievous results: its abolition is always safe. In looking at capital punishment in its practical bearings on the operation of justice, an observing mind is at once struck with the extreme uncertainty attending it. Another thought which forces itself upon the mind in consideration of this subject, is the danger of convicting the innocent. Murder is a crime which must of course be committed in secret, and therefore the proof must be mainly circumstantial. This kind of evidence is in its nature so precarious, that men have learned great timidity in trusting to it.

A few years ago a poor German came to New York, and took lodgings, where he was allowed to do his cooking in the same room with the family. The husband and wife lived in a perpetual quarrel. One day the German came into the kitchen with a clasp-knife and a pan of potatoes, and began to pare them for his dinner. The

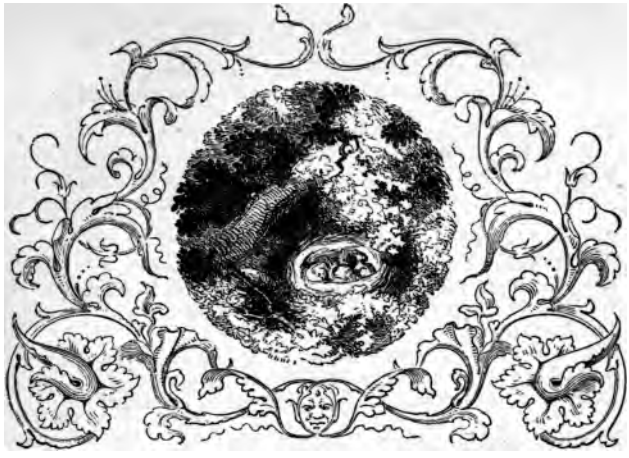
* It is but right to state that some of the highest juridical authorities in France either deny that the condemnation of Lesurques was an error, or hold that, at all events, the case is far from being so clear as the advocates of his innocence would make it appear. President Zangiacomi, one of the most enlightened and conscientious members of the Court of Cassation, presented a Report on the case to the Council of State, which appeared in the *Moniteur*, August 7, 1822. From this Report it appears that, at the trial of Dubosq in the year 9, of the nine witnesses who had previously testified to having seen Lesurques in the company of the assassins, eight persisted in declaring that they had not been mistaken. Repeatedly confronted with Dubosq, they pointed out various differences between his appearance and that of Lesurques, on which they grounded their persistence. The voice of these eight unimpeachable witnesses ought, M. Zangiacomi thinks, to outweigh the declaration of the confessed murderers that Lesurques was not an accomplice. As to the circumstance of more persons being condemned and executed for the crime than were concerned in it, it is pointed out as remarkable that the accused themselves vary as to the exact number, making it either five or six; while, from the statements of two of the witnesses, it appears very probable that the assassins were seven in number.

quarrelsome couple were in a more violent altercation than usual; but he sat with his back towards them, and being ignorant of their language, felt in no danger of being involved in their disputes. But the woman, with a sudden and unexpected movement, snatched the knife from his hand, and plunged it in her husband's heart. She had sufficient presence of mind to rush into the street and scream murder. The poor foreigner, in the meanwhile, seeing the wounded man reel, sprang forward to catch him in his arms, and drew out the knife. People from the street crowded in, and found him with the dying man in his arms, the knife in his hand, and blood upon his clothes. The wicked woman swore, in the most positive terms, that he had been fighting with her husband, and had stabbed him with a knife he always carried. The unfortunate German knew too little English to understand her accusation or to tell his own story. He was dragged off to prison, and the true state of the case was made known through an interpreter; but it was not believed. Circumstantial evidence was exceedingly strong against the accused, and the real criminal swore unhesitatingly that she saw him commit the murder. He was executed, notwithstanding the most persevering efforts of his lawyer, John Anthon, Esq., whose convictions of the man's innocence were so painfully strong, that from that day to this he has refused to have any connection with a capital case. Some years after this tragic event the woman died, and on her death-bed confessed her agency in the diabolical transaction; but her poor victim could receive no benefit from this tardy repentance; society had wantonly thrown away its power to atone for the grievous wrong.

Many of my readers will doubtless recollect the tragical fate of Burton, in Missouri, on which a novel was founded, that still circulates in the libraries. A young lady, belonging to a genteel and very proud family in Missouri, was beloved by a young man named Burton; but unfortunately her affections were fixed on another less worthy. He left her with a tarnished reputation. She was by nature energetic and high-spirited; her family were proud; and she lived in the midst of a society which considered revenge a virtue, and named it honour. Misled by this false popular sentiment and her own excited feelings, she resolved to repay her lover's treachery with death. But she kept her secret so well, that no one suspected her purpose, though she purchased pistols, and practised with them daily. Mr Burton gave evidence of his strong attachment by renewing his attentions when the world looked most coldly upon her. His generous kindness won her bleeding heart, but the softening influence of love did not lead her to forego the dreadful purpose she had formed. She watched for a favourable opportunity, and shot her betrayer when no one was near to witness the horrible deed. Some little incident excited the suspicion of Burton, and he induced her to confess to him the whole transaction. It was obvious enough that suspicion would naturally fasten upon him, the well-

known lover of her who had been so deeply injured. He w arrested, but succeeded in persuading her that he was in no dang Circumstantial evidence was fearfully against him, and he soon sa that his chance was doubtful; but with affectionate magnanimity h concealed this from her. He was convicted and condemned. A short time before the execution he endeavoured to cut his throat but his life was saved for the cruel purpose of taking it awa according to the cold-blooded barbarism of the law. Pale and wounded, he was hoisted to the gallows before the gaze of a Christian community.

The guilty cause of all this was almost frantic when she found that he had thus sacrificed himself to save her. She immediately published the whole history of her wrongs and her revenge. Her keen sense of wounded honour was in accordance with public sentiment, her wrongs excited indignation and compassion, and the knowledge that an innocent and magnanimous man had been so brutally treated, excited a general revulsion of popular feeling. No one wished for another victim, and she was left unpunished, save by the dreadful records of her memory.



SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

BIRDS.

BIRDS—birds! ye are beautiful things,
With your earth-treading feet and your cloud-cleaving wings;
Where shall man wander, and where shall he dwell,
Beautiful birds, that ye come not as well?
Ye have nests on the mountain all rugged and stark,
Ye have nests in the forest all tangled and dark:
Ye build and ye brood 'neath the cottagers' eaves,
And ye sleep on the sod 'mid the bonnie green leaves;
Ye hide in the heather, ye lurk in the brake,
Ye dive in the sweet flags that shadow the lake:
Ye skim where the stream parts the orchard-decked land,
Ye dance where the foam sweeps the desolate strand.
Beautiful birds! ye come thickly around,
When the bud's on the branch, and the snow's on the ground;
Ye come when the richest of roses flush out,
And ye come when the yellow leaf eddies about.

Beautiful birds! how the school-boy remembers
The warblers that chorused his holiday tune;

The robin that chirped in the frosty Decembers,
The blackbird that whistled through flower-crownèd June.

That school-boy remembers his holiday ramble,
When he pulled every blossom of palm he could see,
When his finger was raised as he stopped in the bramble
With 'Hark! there's the cuckoo; how close he must be!'

Beautiful birds! we've encircled thy names
With the fairest of fruits and the fiercest of flames.
We paint War with his eagle, and Peace with her dove;
With the red bolt of Death, and the olive of Love:
The fountain of friendship is never complete,
Till ye coo o'er its waters so sparkling and sweet;
And where is the hand that would dare to divide
Even Wisdom's grave self from the owl by her side?

Beautiful creatures of freedom and light!
Oh! where is the eye that groweth not bright
As it watches you trimming your soft glossy coats,
Swelling your bosoms, and ruffling your throats?
Oh! I would not ask, as the old ditties sing,
To be 'happy as sand-boy' or 'happy as king;'
For the joy is more blissful that bids me declare,
'I'm as happy as all the wild birds in the air.'
I will tell them to find me a grave when I die,
Where no marble will shut out the glorious sky;
Let them give me a tomb where the daisy will bloom,
Where the moon will shine down, and the leveret pass by;
But be sure there's a tree stretching out high and wide,
Where the linnet, the thrush, and the woodlark may hide;
For the truest and purest of requiems heard
Is the eloquent hymn of the beautiful bird.

—ELIZA COOK.

WERE I A LITTLE BIRD.

A ROVER, e'en at Beauty's shrine
I'd pay a traveller's call, no more:
I would the little wings were mine
On which thou, pretty bird, dost soar!
Thou see'st full many a country bright;
Thy sports all Nature's works invite;
The sky is pure, the air is free.
I'd fly quick, quick! ay, quick as light,
Were I a little bird like thee!

I 'd learn of tuneful Philomel,
With gentle sounds to charm the glade;
Then hover near the pastourelle,
And join in song the rustic maid.
I 'd cheer one hermit's dwelling low—
No relics selleth he, I know,
But the poor bless his charity.
I 'd fly quick, quick! ay, there I 'd go,
Were I a little bird like thee!

I 'd hie me to the turrets dread,
Where sadly pine the captives lone;
With hidden wing and drooping head,
I 'd chant a song of plaintive tone.
One at my sight would faintly smile;
Another muse—dreaming the while
Of fields he loved in youth to see.
I 'd fly quick, quick! were 't many a mile,
And I a little bird like thee!

To a king's court I 'd next away—
Some pleasure-wearied, joyless elf—
Filling his halls with carols gay,
On olive-tree I 'd perch myself.
Then to the hiding-place, where lie
Some poor proscribed family,
I 'd bear a slip of that same tree!
I 'd fly quick, quick! blow low, blow high,
Were I a little bird like thee!

But day and night, with might and main,
I 'd flee from Beauty's dangerous eyes,
Lest powerful Love should once again
My heart in captive bonds surprise!
If on fair bosom—likely case—
That hunter wise his net should place,
Too well I know how it would be;
I 'd fly there, quick, with headlong pace,
Were I a little bird like thee!

W. ANDERSON. —*From* BÉRANGER.

THE EARLY BLUE-BIRD.

BLUE-BIRD, on yon leafless tree,
Dost thou carol thus to me,
'Spring is coming!—Spring is here?'
Say'st thou so, my birdling dear?

What is that in misty shroud
Stealing from the darkened cloud?
Lo! the snow-flakes' gathering mound
Settles o'er the whitened ground,
Yet thou singest blithe and clear,
'Spring is coming!—Spring is here!'

Strik'st thou not too bold a strain?
Winds are piping o'er the plain,
Clouds are sweeping o'er the sky,
With a black and threatening eye;
Urchins, by the frozen rill,
Wrap their mantles closer still;
Yon poor man, with doublet old,
Doth he shiver at the cold?
Hath he not a nose of blue?
Tell me, birdling—tell me true.

Spring's a maid of mirth and glee,
Rosy wreaths and revelry:
Hast thou woo'd some wingèd love
To a nest in verdant grove?
Sung to her in greenwood bower,
Sunny skies that never lower—
Lured her with thy promise fair
Of a lot that knows no care?
Prithee, bird, in coat of blue,
Though a lover—tell her true.

Ask her if, when storms are long,
She can sing a cheerful song—
When the rude winds rock the tree,
If she 'll closer cling to thee?
Then the blasts that sweep the sky,
Unappalled shall pass thee by;
Though thy curtained chamber shew
Siftings of untimely snow,
Warm and glad thy heart shall be,
Love shall make it Spring for thee.

—L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THE ROBIN.

A THOUSAND birds, in joyous tone,
Proclaimed the birth of Spring;
But, Robin, thou art left alone
The Autumn's dirge to sing.

We hear the merry linnet's voice
When waving woods look green,
And thrush and nightingale rejoice
When hawthorn buds are seen.

But when they wither on the ground,
Then, Robin, thou art heard
To mourn their fall, in plaintive sound,
For thou art Pity's bird.

Where fading leaves their shadows fling,
I love to see thee nigh;
A listener, when I touch the string,
And warbling in reply.

—MISS STRICKLAND.

THE WREN.

WHY is the cuckoo's melody preferred,
And nightingale's rich song so fondly praised
In poets' rhymes? Is there no other bird
Of nature's minstrelsy, that oft hath raised
One's heart to ecstasy and mirth so well?
I judge not how another's taste is caught;
With mine are other birds that bear the bell,
Whose song hath crowds of happy memories brought;
Such the wood-robin, singing in the dell,
And little wren, that many a time hath sought
Shelter from showers in huts where I may dwell,
In early spring, the tenant of the plain,
Tending my sheep: and still they come to tell
The happy stories of the past again.

—J. CLARE.

TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear.
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts thy most curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year!

Oh, could I fly, I 'd fly with thee!
We 'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Attendants on the Spring.

—MICHAEL BRUCE.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

SOUL of living music! teach me,
Teach me, floating thus along;
Love-sick warbler! come, and reach me,
With the secrets of thy song.
How thy beak, so sweetly trembling,
On one note long-lingering tries—
On a thousand tones assembling,
Pours the rush of harmonies!
Or, when rising shrill and shriller,
Other music dies away,
Other songs grow still and stiller—
Songster of the night and day!
Till—all sunk in silence round thee—
Not a whisper, not a word,
Not a leaf-fall to confound thee—
Breathless all—thou only heard.
Tell me, thou who failest never,
Minstrel of the songs of Spring!
Did the world see ages ever,
When thy voice forgot to sing?

Is there in your woodland history
  Any Homer whom ye read?
Has your music aught of mystery?
  Has it measure, clef, and creed?
Have ye teachers, who instruct ye,
  Checking each ambitious strain?
Learned parrots to conduct ye,
  When ye wander, back again?
Smiling at my dreams, I see thee—
  Nature, in her chainless will,
Did not fetter thee, but free thee—
  Pour thy hymns of rapture still!
Plumed in pomp and pride prodigious,
  Lo! the gaudy peacock nears;
But his grating voice, so hideous,
  Shocks the soul, and grates the ears.
Finches may be trained to follow
  Notes which dexterous arts combine;
But those notes sound vain and hollow,
  When compared, sweet bird, with thine.
Classic themes no longer courting,
  Ancient tongues I 'll cast away,
And with nightingales disporting,
  Sing the wild and woodland lay.

—*From the Dutch of* LOOTS.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

WHEN Twilight's gray and pensive hour
Brings the low breeze, and shuts the flower,
And bids the solitary star
Shine in pale beauty from afar:

When gathering shades the landscapes veil,
And peasants seek their village dale,
And mists from river-wave arise,
And dew in every blossom lies:

When Evening's primrose opes to shed
Soft fragrance round her grassy bed;
When glow-worms in the wood-walk light
Their lamp to cheer the traveller's sight:

At that calm hour, so still, so pale,
Awakes the lonely nightingale,
And from a hermitage of shade,
Fills with her voice the forest glade.

And sweeter far than melting voice,
Than all which through the day rejoice;
And still shall bard and wanderer love
The twilight music of the grove.

—MRS HEMANS.

'WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?'

'WHAT is that, mother?'
'The lark, my child—
The morn has just looked out and smiled,
When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
And is up and away with the day on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart to yon pure, bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.
Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.'

'What is that, mother?'
'The dove, my son—
And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return.
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.'

'What is that, mother?'
'The eagle, boy—
Proudly careering his course of joy.
Firm on his mountain vigour relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying;
His wing on the wind, his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
Boy! may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward, true to the line!'

'What is that, mother?'
'The swan, my love—
He is floating down from his native grove,
No loved one now, no nestling nigh;
He is floating down by himself to die;
Death darkens his eyes, and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.
Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swan-like, and sweet, it may waft thee home.'

—G. W. DOANE, *an American poet.*

THE REDBREAST.

HOW simply unassuming is that strain!
It is the redbreast's song, the friend of man.
High is his perch, but humble is his home,
And well concealed. Sometimes within the sound
Of heartsome mill-clack, where the spacious door,
White-dusted, tells him plenty reigns around—
Close at the root of brier-bush, that o'erhangs
The narrow stream, with sheilings bedded white,
He fixes his abode, and lives at will;
Oft near some single cottage he prefers
To rear his little home; there, pert and spruce,
He shares the refuse of the good wife's churn,
Which kindly on the wall for him she leaves:
Below her lintel oft he lights, then in
He boldly flits, and fluttering loads his bill,
And to his young the yellow treasure bears.

—GRAHAME.

THE STORMY PETREL.

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast:
The sails are scattered abroad like weeds,
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds,
The mighty cables, and iron chains,
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,
They strain and they crack, and hearts like stone
Their natural hard proud strength disown.

Up and down!—up and down!
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam,
The stormy petrel finds a home—
A home, if such a place may be,
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young, and to teach them to spring
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing!

O'er the deep!—o'er the deep!
Where the whale, and the shark, and sword-fish sleep,

Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The petrel telleth her tale—in vain;
For the mariner curseth the warning bird
Which bringeth him news of the storm unheard!
Ah! thus does the prophet of good or ill,
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still:
Yet *he* ne'er falters: so, petrel, spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!

—B. W. PROCTER.

THE SPARROW AND THE CAGED BIRD.

I DOTE on every little bird
That twitters in the sun—
I love them all, from having heard
The simple tale of one!

In cage that 'neath the eaves was hung
When Morn put forth her smiles,
A little yellow warbler sung
A song of distant isles!

One morn, when loud his melody,
There came on idle wing
A sparrow, and from sympathy
Thus seemed to say or sing:

'Fair captive! why this joyous lay,
When sad should be thy heart?
Art thinking of a happier day,
Forgetful what thou art?

'Perchance, while high thy music floats,
Where ne'er thy wings may flee,
Thy spirit rises with thy notes—
For they at least are free!

'Thy song goes forth among the trees,
And up to heaven's high dome,
And haply bears thee o'er the seas
To thy own island home!

'Poor bird! couldst thou come forth with me,
I'd lead thee to the grove,
Where all that's known of slavery
Is servitude to love!

'How sweet to join our airy chase,
Or cower within thy nest,

Yet only bound to that one place
Because thou loved'st it best!

'Alas, alas! the wish is vain,
Thy prison-bars are strong;
But I will come to thee again—
Adieu, sweet bird of song!'

Away it flew, but day by day
Returned with gathered food;
And through long months, the watchers say,
Went on this work of good.

I felt my holiest thoughts ascend,
Such Heaven-taught love to trace,
And deemed, perchance, this captive's friend
The Howard of its race!

—J. HEDDERWICK.

THE SWALLOW'S RETURN.

WELCOME, welcome, feathered stranger!
Now the sun bids Nature smile;
Safe arrived, and free from danger,
Welcome to our blooming isle!
Still twitter on my lowly roof,
And hail me at the dawn of day,
Each morn the recollected proof
Of time that ever fleets away!

Fond of sunshine, fond of shade,
Fond of skies serene and clear;
E'en transient storms thy joys invade,
In fairest seasons of the year;
What makes thee seek a milder clime?
What bids thee shun the wintry gale?
How knowest thou thy departing time?
Hail! wondrous bird!—hail, swallow, hail!

Sure something more to thee is given
Than myriads of the feathered race;
Some gift divine, some spark from Heaven,
That guides thy flight from place to place.
Still freely come, still freely go,
And blessings crown thy vigorous wing;
May thy rude flight meet no rude foe,
Delightful messenger of Spring!

—W. FRANKLIN.

THE FEATHERED SONGSTERS.

AGAIN the balmy zephyr blows,
Fresh verdure decks the grove,
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers, hither fly,
And shun the noontide heat;
My shrubs a cooling shade supply,
My groves a safe retreat.

Here freely hop from spray to spray,
Or weave the mossy nest;
Here rove and sing the livelong day,
At night here sweetly rest.

Amidst this cool translucent rill,
That trickles down the glade;
Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
And revel in the shade.

No school-boy rude, to mischief prone,
E'er shews his ruddy face,
Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone,
In this sequestered place.

Hither the vocal thrush repairs;
Secure the linnet sings;
The goldfinch dreads no slimy snares
To clog her painted wings.

Sad nightingale! ah, quit thy haunt,
Yon gentle woods among,
And round my friendly grotto chant
Thy sweetly plaintive song!

Let not the harmless redbreast fear,
Domestic bird, to come,
And seek a sure asylum here,
With one who loves his home.

My trees for you, ye artless tribe,
Shall store of fruit preserve;
Oh, let me thus your friendship bribe!
Come, feed without reserve.

For you these cherries I protect,
To you these plums belong;
Sweet is the fruit that you have picked,
But sweeter far your song.

Then let this league betwixt us made
Our mutual interests guard;
Mine be the gift of fruit and shade,
Your songs be my reward.

—RICHARD GRAVES.

THE SONGSTERS.

WHEN Phœbus lifts his head out of the Winter's wave,
No sooner doth the Earth her flowery bosom brave,
At such time as the year brings on the pleasant Spring,
But hunts-up to the morn the feathered sylvans sing:
And in the lower grove, as on the rising knoll,
Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole,
These quiristers are perched, with many a speckled breast,
Then from her burnished gate the goodly glittering East
Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous Night
Bespangled had with pearl, to please the Morning's sight;
On which the mirthful quires, with their clear open throats,
Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling notes,
That hills and valleys ring, and even the echoing air
Seems all composed of sounds, about them everywhere.
The throstle with shrill sharps, as purposely he sung
T' awake the listless sun; or chiding that so long
He was in coming forth, that should the thickets thrill;
The woosel near at hand, that hath a golden bill,
As Nature him had marked of purpose, t' let us see
That from all other birds his tunes should different be:
For with their vocal sounds they sing to pleasant May;
Upon his dulcet pipe the merle doth only play.
When in the lower brake, the nightingale hard by,
In such lamenting strains the joyful hours doth ply,
As though the other birds she to her tunes would draw.
And but that Nature (by her all-constraining law)
Each bird to her own kind this season doth invite,
They else, alone to hear the charmer of the night
(The more to use their ears), their voices sure would spare.
That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,
As man to set in parts at first had learned of her.
To Philomel the next, the linnet we prefer;
And by that warbling bird, the woodlark place we then,
The red-sparrow, the nope, the redbreast, and the wren.

The yellow-pate, which, though she hurt the blooming tree,
Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pipe than she.
And of these chanting fowls, the goldfinch not behind,
That hath so many sorts descending from her kind.
The tydy for her notes as delicate as they,
The laughing hecco, then the counterfeiting jay.
The softer with the shrill (some hid among the leaves,
Some in the taller trees, some in the lower greaves)
Thus sing away the morn, until the mounting Sun,
Through thick exhaled fogs his golden head hath run,
And through the twisted tops of our close covert creeps
To kiss the gentle Shade, this while that sweetly sleeps.

—DRAYTON (1563—1631).

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

BIRD of the heavens! whose matchless eye
  Alone can front the blaze of day,
And, wandering through the radiant sky,
  Ne'er from the sunlight turns away;
Whose ample wing was made to rise
  Majestic o'er the loftiest peak,
On whose chill tops the winter skies,
  Around thy nest, in tempests speak.
What ranger of the winds can dare,
Proud mountain king! with thee compare?
Or lift his gaudier plumes on high
Before thy native majesty,
When thou hast taken thy seat alone,
Upon thy cloud-encircled throne?

Bird of the cliffs! thy noble form
  Might well be thought almost divine;
Born for the thunder and the storm,
  The mountain and the rock are thine;
And there, where never foot has been,
  Thy eyry is sublimely hung,
Where lowering skies their wrath begin,
  And loudest lullabies are sung
By the fierce Spirit of the blast,
When, his snow-mantle o'er him cast,
He sweeps across the mountain-top,
With a dark fury nought can stop,
And wings his wild unearthly way
Far through the clouded realms of day.

Bird of the sun! to thee—to thee
The earliest tints of dawn are known,
And 'tis thy proud delight to see
The monarch mount his gorgeous throne;
Throwing the crimson drapery by,
That half impedes his glorious way;
And mounting up the radiant sky,
Even what he is—the king of day!
Before the regent of the skies
Men shrink, and veil their dazzled eyes;
But thou, in regal majesty,
Hast kingly rank as well as he;
And with a steady, dauntless gaze,
Thou meet'st the splendour of his blaze.

Bird of Colombia! well art thou
An emblem of our native land;
With unblenched front and noble brow,
Among the nations doomed to stand;
Proud, like her mighty mountain woods;
Like her own rivers, wandering free;
And sending forth, from hills and floods,
The joyous shout of liberty!
Like thee, majestic bird! like thee
She stands in unbought majesty,
With spreading wing, untired and strong,
That dares a soaring far and long,
That mounts aloft, nor looks below,
And will not quail though tempests blow.

—C. W. THOMPSON.

THE LINNET.

THE songs of Nature, holiest, best are they!
The sad winds sighing through the leafy trees—
The lone lake's murmurs to the mountain breeze—
The streams' soft whispers, as they fondly stray
Through dingles wild and over flowery leas,
Are sweetly holy; but the purest hymn—
A melody like some old prophet-lay—
Is thine, poured forth from hedge, and thicket dim—
Linnet—wild linnet!

The poor, the scorned and lowly, forth may go
Into the woods and dells, where leaves are green;
And 'mong the breathing forest flowers may lean,
And hear thy music wandering to and fro,

Like sunshine glancing o'er the summer scene.
Thou poor man's songster!—neither wealth nor power
Can match the sweetness thou around dost throw!
Oh, bless thee for the joy of many an hour—
Linnet—wild linnet!

In sombre forest, gray and melancholy,
Yet sweet withal, and full of love and peace,
And 'mid the furze wrapped in a golden fleece
Of blossoms, and in hedgerows green and lowly;
On thymy banks, where wild bees never cease
Their murmur-song, thou hast thy home of love!
Like some lone hermit, far from sin and folly,
'Tis thine through forest fragrances to rove—
Linnet—wild linnet!

Some humble heart is sore and sick with grief,
And straight thou comest with thy gentle song
To wile the sufferer from his hate or wrong,
By bringing Nature's love to his relief.
Thou churmest by the sick child's window long,
Till racking pain itself be wooed to sleep;
And when away have vanished flower and leaf,
Thy lonely wailing voice for them doth weep—
Linnet—wild linnet!

God saw how much of woe, and grief, and care,
Man's faults and follies on the earth would make;
And thee, sweet singer, for His creatures' sake,
He sent to warble wildly everywhere,
And by thy voice our souls to love to wake.
O blessed wandering spirit! unto thee
Pure hearts are knit, as unto things too fair,
And good, and beautiful of earth to be—
Linnet—wild linnet!

—R. NICOLL.

TO THE FRINGILLA MELODIA.

JOY fills the vale,
With joy ecstatic quivers every wing,
As floats thy note upon the genial gale,
Sweet bird of Spring!

The violet
Awakens at thy song, and peers from out
Its fragrant nook, as if the season yet
Remained in doubt—

While from the rock
The columbine its crimson bell suspends,
That careless vibrates, as its slender stalk
The zephyr bends.

Say! when the blast
Of winter swept our whitened plains—what clime,
What sunnier realm thou charmedst, and how was past
Thy joyous time?

Did the green isles
Detain thee long? or, 'mid the palmy groves
Of the bright south, where Liberty now smiles,
Didst sing thy loves?

Oh, well I know
Why thou art here thus soon, and why the bowers
So near the sun have lesser charms than now
Our land of flowers:

Thou art returned
On a glad errand—to rebuild thy nest,
And fan anew the gentle fire that burned
Within thy breast!

And thy wild strain,
Poured on the gale, is Love's transporting voice—
That, calling on the plumy choir again,
Bids them rejoice:

Nor calls alone
To enjoy, but bids improve the fleeting hour—
Bids all that ever heard Love's witching tone,
Or felt his power.

The poet too
It soft invokes to touch the trembling wire;
Yet ah! how few its sounds shall list, how few
His song admire!

But thy sweet lay,
Thou darling of the Spring! no ear disdains;
Thy sage instructress, Nature, says, 'Be gay!'
And prompts thy strains.

Oh, if I knew
Like thee to sing—like thee the heart to fire—
Youth should enchanted throng, and Beauty sue
To hear my lyre!

Oft as the year
In gloom is wrapped, thy exile I shall mourn—
Oft as the Spring returns, shall hail sincere
Thy glad return.

—H. PICKERING.

THE EAGLE.

THERE'S a fierce gray bird with a sharpened beak,
With an angry eye and a startling shriek,
That nurses her brood where the cliff-flowers blow,
On the precipice-top, in perpetual snow—
Where the fountains are mute, or in secrecy flow;
That sits where the air is shrill and bleak,
On the splintered point of a shivered peak,
Where the weeds lie close, and the grass sings sharp,
To a comfortless tune, like a wintry harp.
Bald-headed and stripped, like a vulture torn
In wind and strife, with her feathers worn,
And ruffled, and stained; while scattering bright,
Round her serpent-neck, that is writhing, bare,
Is a crimson collar of gleaming hair!
Like the crest of a warrior thinned in the fight,
And shorn, and bristling, see her! where
She sits in the glow of the sun-bright air,
With wing half-poised, and talons bleeding,
And kindling eye, as if her prey
Had suddenly been snatched away
While she was tearing it, and feeding!

A bird that is first to worship the sun
When he gallops in flame, till the cloud-tides run
In billows of fire, as his course is done:
Above where the fountain is gushing in light;
Above where the torrent is forth in its might,
Like an imprisoned blaze that is bursting from night!
Above where the silvery flashing is seen—
The striping of waters, that skip o'er the green,
And soft, spongy moss, where the fairies have been,
Bending lovely and bright in the young Morning's eye,
Like ribbons of flame, or the bow of the sky:
Above that dark torrent, above the bright stream—
The gay ruddy fount with the changeable gleam,
Where the lustre of heaven eternally plays—
The voice may be heard of the Thunderer's bird,
Calling out to her god in a clear wild scream,
As she mounts to his throne, and unfolds in his beam;

While her young are laid out in his rich red blaze,
And their winglets are fledged in his hottest rays.

Proud bird of the cliff where the barren yew springs,
Where the sunshine stays, and the wind-harp sings,
Where the heralds of battle sit pluming their wings!
A scream!—she's awake!—over hill-top and flood
A crimson light runs, like the gushing of blood:
Over valley and rock, over mountain and wood,
That bird is abroad in the van of her brood!

—J. NEAL.

TO THE LARK.

MOUNT, child of Morning! mount and sing,
And gaily beat thy fluttering wing,
And sound thy shrill alarms:
Bathed in the fountains of the dew,
Thy sense is keen, thy joys are new;
The wide world opens to thy view,
And spreads its earliest charms.

Far showered around, the hill, the plain,
Catch the glad impulse of thy strain,
And fling their veil aside;
While warm with hope and rapturous joy,
Thy thrilling lay rings cheerily,
Love swells its notes, and liberty,
And youth's exulting pride.

Thy little bosom knows no ill,
No gloomy thought, no wayward will:
'Tis sunshine all, and ease.
Like thy own plumes along the sky,
Thy tranquil days glide smoothly by;
No track behind them, as they fly,
Proclaims departed peace.

'Twas thus my earliest hopes aspired,
'Twas thus, with youthful ardour fired,
I vainly thought to soar:
To snatch from Fate the dazzling prize,
Beyond the beam of vulgar eyes.
Alas! the unbidden sigh will rise.
Those days shall dawn no more!

How glorious rose Life's morning star!
In bright procession round her car,
How danced the heavenly train!

Truth beckoned from her radiant throne,
And Fame held high her starry crown,
While Hope and Love looked smiling down,
Nor bade my toils be vain.

Too soon the fond illusion past;
Too gay, too bright, too pure to last,
It melted from my gaze.
And narrowing with each coming year,
Life's onward path grew dark and drear,
While Pride forbade, the starting tear
Would fall o'er happier days.

Still o'er my soul, though changed and dead,
One lingering, doubtful beam is shed;
One ray not yet withdrawn;
And still that twilight soft and dear,
That tells of friends and former cheer,
Half makes me fain to linger here—
Half hope a second dawn.

Sing on—sing on! What heart so cold,
When such a tale of joy is told,
But needs must sympathise?
As from some cherub of the sky
I hail thy morning melody.
Oh! could I mount with thee on high,
And share thy ecstasies!

—MRS BARBAULD.

ON SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL ON LOCH TURIT.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your watery haunt forsake?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free:
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave;
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace—
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below;
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below;
In his breast no pity dwells;
Strong necessity compels.
But man, to whom alone is given
A ray direct from pitying Heaven,
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain.

In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wandering swains,
Where the mossy rivulet strays;
Far from human haunts and ways;
All on nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his powers you scorn;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

—BURNS.

THE NOTES OF THE BIRDS.

WELL do I love those various harmonies
That ring so gaily in Spring's budding woods,
And in the thickets, and green quiet haunts,
And lonely copses of the summer-time,
And in red Autumn's ancient solitudes.

If thou art pained with the world's noisy stir,
Or crazed with its mad tumults, and weighed down
With any of the ills of human life;
If thou art sick and weak, or mournest at the loss
Of brethren gone to that far distant land

To which we all do pass—gentle and poor,
The gayest and the gravest, all alike—
Then turn into the peaceful woods, and hear
The thrilling music of the forest birds.

How rich the varied choir! The unquiet finch
Calls from the distant hollows, and the wren
Uttereth her sweet and mellow plaint at times,
And the thrush mourneth where the kalmia hangs
Its crimson-spotted cups, or chirps half hid
Amid the lowly dogwood's snowy flowers;
And the blue jay flits by, from tree to tree,
And spreading its rich pinions, fills the ear
With its shrill-sounding and unsteady cry.

With the sweet airs of Spring the robin comes;
And in her simple song there seems to gush
A strain of sorrow when she visiteth
Her last year's withered nest. But when the gloom
Of the deep twilight falls, she takes her perch
Upon the red-stemmed hazel's slender twig,
That overhangs the brook, and suits her song
To the slow rivulet's inconstant chime.

In the last days of Autumn, when the corn
Lies sweet and yellow in the harvest-field,
And the gay company of reapers bind
The bearded wheat in sheaves—then peals abroad
The blackbird's merry chant. I love to hear,
Bold plunderer! thy mellow burst of song
Float from thy watch-place on the mossy tree,
Close at the corn-field edge.

Far up some brook's still course, whose current mines
The forest's blackened roots, and whose green marge
Is seldom visited by human foot,
The lonely heron sits, and harshly breaks
The Sabbath silence of the wilderness:
And you may find her by some reedy pool,
Or brooding gloomily on the time-stained rock,
Beside some misty and far-reaching lake.

Most awful is thy deep and heavy boom,
Gray watcher of the waters! Thou art king
Of the blue lake; and all the winged kind
Do fear the echo of thine angry cry.
How bright thy savage eye! Thou lookest down,

And seest the shining fishes as they glide;
And poising thy gray wing, thy glossy beak
Swift as an arrow strikes its roving prey.
Ofttimes I see thee, through the curling mist,
Dart like a spectre of the night, and hear
Thy strange bewildering call, like the wild scream
Of one whose life is perishing in the sea.

And now, wouldst thou, O man, delight the ear
With earth's delicious sounds, or charm the eye
With beautiful creations? Then pass forth,
And find them midst those many-coloured birds
That fill the glowing woods. The richest hues
Lie in their splendid plumage, and their tones
Are sweeter than the music of the lute,
Or the harp's melody, or the notes that gush
So thrillingly from Beauty's ruby lip.

—J. M'LELLAN, *an American poet.*

SPRING BIRDS.

HARK to the merry gossip of the Spring—
The sweet mysterious voice which peoples place
With an Italian beauty, and does bring
As 'twere Elysium from the wilds of space
Where'er her wing inhabits! Give it chase,
In other bowers the fairy shouts again;
Where'er we run, it mocks our rapid race—
Still the same loose note, in a golden chain,
Rings through the vocal woods, and fills with joy the plain.

Hail to thee, shouting cuckoo! In my youth
Thou wert long time the Ariel of my hope,
The marvel of a summer! It did soothe
To listen to thee on some sunny slope,
Where the high oaks forbade an ampler scope
Than of the blue skies upward—and to sit,
Canopied, in the gladdening horoscope
Which thou my planet flung—a pleasant fit,
Long time my hours endeared, my kindling fancy smit.

And thus I love thee still—thy monotone
The self-same transport flashes through my frame;
And when thy voice, sweet sibyl, all is flown,
My eager ear, I cannot choose but blame.
Oh, may the world these feelings never tame!

If Age o'er me her silver tresses spread,
It still would call thee by a lover's name,
And deem the spirit of delight unfled,
Nor bear, though gray without, a heart to nature dead!

—J. H. WIFFEN.

THE WOUNDED EAGLE.

EAGLE! this is not thy sphere!
Warrior-bird, what seek'st thou here?
Wherefore by the fountain's brink
Doth thy royal pinion sink?
Wherefore on the violets' bed
Layest thou thus thy drooping head?
Thou, that hold'st the blast in scorn,
Thou, that wear'st the wings of morn!

Eagle! wilt thou not arise?
Look upon thine own bright skies!
Lift thy glance!—the fiery sun
There his pride of place hath won,
And the mounting lark is there,
And sweet sound hath filled the air.
Hast thou left that realm on high?—
Oh, it can be but to die!

Eagle, eagle! thou hast bowed
From thine empire o'er the cloud!
Thou that hadst ethereal birth,
Thou hast stooped too near the earth,
And the hunter's shaft hath found thee,
And the toils of death have bound thee!
Wherefore didst thou leave thy place,
Creature of a kingly race?

Wert thou weary of thy throne?
Was the sky's dominion lone?
Chill and lone it well might be,
Yet that mighty wing was free!
Now the chain is o'er it cast,
From thy heart the blood flows fast.
Woe for gifted souls and high!
Is not such *their* destiny?

—MRS HEMANS.

THE PEACOCK.

'It is a Hindu prejudice, that the track over which a peacock has been observed to fly and alight, is that of a vein of gold.'

THE peacock, with its plumage rare,
Is a holy bird, and wise;
For he knoweth that gold is an evil thing,
From which foul thoughts and fancies spring,
To blind our mental eyes;
He knoweth it is the seed of sin,
Whose fruit may ripen the soul within:
For (if legends tell true) he will not tread
On the earth of the track that covers its bed!

Yea, the peacock is a wise, wise bird,
To fly o'er the spot where the ore of gold
Is hid 'midst the mould.
But man, with tool, and toil, and word,
And wanton spell, seeks out the mine;
And digs for himself a chain that shall bind
Each blessed impulse of the mind,
Till all shall peak and pine
'Neath the festering fetters—the craving sin
That dwarfs the soul within!

Copy the peacock, then, which flies
Over the path where temptation lies;
Tread not the track that glisters with gold,
Or thy fingers will bend the ore to hold,
Whilst instant round thy heart shall freeze
The milk of human charities!

—MAJOR C. CAMPBELL.

THE SONG OF THE BIRD.

BIRDS of fair form lurk 'mid the verdant brakes,
Whose rival warbling love's soft wishes shews.
Each grove and stream the murmuring wind makes
Eloquent; with varying force it blows
When the birds sing, scarce the still leaves it shakes;
But when they cease, its response louder grows:
So, be it chance or art, alternate please
The song of birds, and music of the breeze.

With purple beak, and rainbow colours flung
At random o'er his plumes, among the rest

Was one pre-eminent; his supple tongue
A gift like human eloquence possessed,
And with such art and copious numbers sung,
That all who heard, a prodigy confessed;
The birds grew mute, and, charmed by his sweet lay,
The rustling breezes ceased through heaven to play.

'Ah, see,' he sang, 'how bursts the budding rose,
When, coyly opening on its virgin stem,
Each blushing tint with double lustre glows,
Veiled by green leaves, which half-conceal the gem!
Lo! now in full-blown pride, each charm it shews
Unrobed. Lo! now it fades, a wreck which all contemn.
And seems not such—seems not the haughty flower
By lovers envied for their lady's bower.

'Thus vanish, in one evanescent day,
The flower and greenness of Life's vernal morn;
Nor shall returning April's genial ray
Its withered beauty with fresh bloom adorn:
Then pluck the rose, while matin hours delay,
Of their serenity so quickly shorn;
Then pluck the rose of love, while yet we may—
While love may yet the love we give repay.'

He ceased; and the approving birds express,
With a fresh burst of song, their glad consent:
The gentle doves more tenderly caress,
And every creature seeks in love content;
Even the chaste laurel and hard oak confess
Its melting power; and from the groves are sent,
And from the earth, and from the crystal streams,
An amorous murmur like a sigh that seems.

—*From* TASSO.

TO THE DOVE.

HAIL, emblem of the dearest tie
That human hearts can bind,
Love's all-devoted constancy,
When kindred souls are joined!
Than thee no purer image fills
A niche in Nature's shrine,
Type of ecstatic transport's thrills,
And feeling's glow divine.

The eagle and the vulture share
Dominion of the sky;
I mark the imperial lords of air
With regal pomp sweep by.

But ah! their flight, far sunward spread,
No soft emotion brings;
Foreboding sounds of woe pervade
The rushing of their wings.

But thou, what melting sweetness glows
In thy long mellow note,
Heard where the random wild-flower blows
In forest glooms remote!
Oh, more than language can express,
Of love and truth is there;
The depth of woman's tenderness,
The purity of prayer!

More mellowing pathos stamps that strain
Than Music's self affords,
To bid the bosom thrill again
From its profoundest chords.
And such its power to give release
From passion's earthly spell,
That, listening, I could bid, in peace,
The realms of time farewell.

Spontaneous worship hallows deep
The scene where none intrudes,
When earth and heaven, communing, keep
The Sabbath of the woods;
While sunset sanctifies the calm
Devout of earth and skies;
And low, like prayer from fields of balm,
The breath of Evening sighs.

Yet, spotless dove, religion lends
My theme a glory too—
A charm, harmoniously that blends
With Nature's simple due.
Oh, marvellous was the sign of love
Through thee to mortals given,
When stooped by brooding wings above
The Majesty of heaven!

Bird of the consecrated plume,
Whom earth's Creator chose
(Whilst yet above its watery tomb
One lonely mountain rose)
To waft the pledge of peace to men,
The olive's welcome bough:
I hail thee, Mercy's herald then,
Her sacred symbol now.

—J. F. SMITH.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seekest thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou 'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

—C. BRYANT.

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